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NOMENCLATURE
OF PICTORIAL ART.*

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TECHNICAL ART.

T is in the landscape portions of the works of Nicolo, as was remarked in the preceding article, that he not only ceases to be a disagreeable colourist, (which he assuredly is, as regards the flesh, in his nude subjects), but in which he at once seems to emancipate himself from some unaccountable chromatic thralldom, and enter a domain in which a flood of power rushes to him as an inheritance. This power he has lavished on this particular work with all the impulse resulting from a newly-derived wealth; not with a profligate, but with a liberal and unsparing hand. To such works as these—if many may be found—must be accorded the self-competent power of maintaining the honours of a secondary style in Art, and not to the products of men whose time, energies, talents, and life have been consumed in consummating mental prostrations before the shrines of the few great painters who first by superior, fearless, and original genius, again raised Art from its barren lethargy and sleep. The moving drama of the work, though, perhaps, not intended to be so, is secondary to what might have been projected as accessory. The scene is conducted in a public square, partly occupied by figures, while the immediate front is composed of a dense mass of people, of all ages and conditions, standing, moving, kneeling, lying: living, dying, and dead: with the usual frequent repetition of stopping of noses by the uninfected, and the repulsive blackness of mouths in the infected. There is little indeed in the figures to raise our wonder, considering the reputation of Nicolo as a figure painter. Perhaps that which was absolutely and obviously demanded by the subject is there: your own diligence, however, is required to extricate from the mass those few instances of natural interest to make them of much avail.

But who may describe the landscape! Yet is not the refusal to do so another reading of the hidden face of Jephtha?

Though stern and simple, it has an imaginativeness and invention that invests the whole with an interest and meaning at once separated from and above the interest and meaning naturally belonging to the things of themselves. The buildings and palace are not merely a palace and build-

ings: they range along a background, and project themselves at uncertain and ominous intervals athwart a sky: but these, again, are not simply a background and sky, but a region oppressed, lowering and lurid, while the structures leap from it strong, defined, and threatening, an awful screen of forcibly defined mystery and dread, with not so much relation to a palette of colours as the growling thunder has to a sunny day. The palace, or monastery, or town hall, or whatever it may be that assumes in the background so startling a presence, alternately bars out and admits the supernatural lividness of the sky: a windowed spectre, whose eye-like apertures glow like a living thing, an architectural monster, born of plague.

Thus much for the purely æsthetic and imaginative portion of the work, a portion that raises it more than do the figures from all commonplace associations, and at the same time places it so high in imaginative elevation as to defy any one to disturb its pretensions by their loftiest flights in the same direction.

Poussin, always admirable in landscape, is here more than himself; or, what would be truer, is here closer to himself than in any other work. The difficulties that always more or less intervene between conception and realisation, appear to have been in this picture vanquished at a bound, though, again, technical power has furnished the scaffolding by which he has raised himself to this height, where lay the congenial idealism of his own peculiar mind.

In descending we are now trenching on the limits of a line of Art which must be considered altogether more or less technical in its general phase; not but that it has for its sustaining element invention and other high adjuncts, but that these, though they occur frequently, and lift the work in which they present themselves towards the head of its class, are still short of that invention and idealism which more particularly attach to the class of Art we are leaving, and without which they would not be that which they are, but descend to an inferior rank, and take it amongst those constituting the class we are approaching.

As regards invention, that amount of it which is necessary to the making a packing-case or a bellows, as well as it may generally be made, does not mark the minimum of those qualities as existing in the lower instances of our mental organism, and yet we cannot call them acts either of ingenuity or invention; and there is a large quantity of Art-work produced, which, though requiring much more of the two qualities than might be required in the manufacture of packing-cases and bellows, neither possess the utility of either one or the other, nor earns for the producers a claim to the character of inventive.

Some simple-minded person, with a taste sufficient to make him disclaim all admiration of Art in this low state, but still perhaps incapable of estimating it in its highest mould, very naturally asks "What becomes of all this sorry stuff?" He does not, perhaps, feel the full truth and extent of the fact, that man is not so much individually, as he is in the aggregate, an epitome of the world; that there are individuals amongst us who separately stand as human representatives of every individual quality to be found in it; that one mentally from birth—representative of ugliness—draws to him and assimilates, like a chemical affinity, all that is ugly, and quarrels with, dislikes, and rejects everything beautiful. These are the depositaries of what is ugly in Art: while the higher tasteful organisms, representa-

tives of those things which are beautiful, search for their like, assimilate it, become polished and classical, and are at the same time the depositaries of the ideal and inventive in Art. Those minds, the indigenous growth of the intervening spaces on the great mental gradient of nature, are representative of all qualities found graduating between the highest and lowest, and are the producers, when active, and the consumers, when passive, of all the Art-work that is ever brought into the world, varying between the beau-ideal and the grovelling.

Invention, or that quality which, if analysed, would be found to consist of selection and combination, and which has produced the beau-ideal, the sublime, the grand, and beautiful, ranks justly at the very head of all Art, and is considered widely separated from the technical. Painting and sculpture, however, like poetry, have their conventional niceties, separating the true from the fictitious; and, as all rhyme is not allowed to be poetry, so all that is new in the other Arts is not allowed to be invention.

Giving wings, fins, or wheels to a human body, adding a pair of horns to a man, or a peacock's tail to a woman, are essentially acts of invention; though we do not acknowledge it as a presence until, rising beyond these more obvious states, it shall be able to associate itself with a previous state of things, be, as it were, [requisite, fill a gap in a gradation, be demanded and acknowledged. Amongst the more successful of these obvious inventions is the Centaur, indebted mainly for its acceptance to the mistaken idea that the equine portion of the animal would be able to carry its human half untired to its goal. To indulge to the fullest extent in the luxury of this fallacy, the absurdity must be swallowed of an animal with two stomachs and two bodies, with no extra arrangement for the additional weight of the forepart. But when fiction is once introduced, it requires a whole new world to accompany it, and in this instance it admirably suited the state of things to which it was introduced.

There is, however, more genuine inventiveness to be displayed in treating the every-day circumstances of our own actual life, than in these equivocal and discrepant flights. And it requires only an exquisitely fine adaptation of mind to perceive, and a most straightforward mode of treatment, to enable a person, painter, sculptor, or poet, to be continually and unconsciously committing spontaneous inventions. Witness the bye-play of the actress Malibran, by which she endeared herself to her audience more than by the set parts of her rôle.

That it is difficult to be natural, might appear to us to be a strange thing, but it is much truer than strange; so that genius may be said to always present itself along with a natural man, and invention itself would—in our own art more especially—appear to be the power of determining what would take place under any given circumstance of persons, situations, and motives. The few last thrusts aimed at Richmond by the mortally struck Richard, as given by Kean, were so many nicely graduated acts of nature, of genius, and of invention, and to prove their worth, may be now repeated by the commonest tragedian to the end of time without becoming tiresome. As it is in the drama, so it is in painting, which is the drama in colours.

By a proneness of the English mind to the contemplation of familiar life, have the painters of this essentially familiar life country raised this walk of Art from comparatively nothing to absolute greatness;

* Continued from p. 88.

and if it may not be thought invidious to instance a work by a living painter, I would mention one which would do to place at the very head of all works of a similar character. The picture is one of a mother in the act of high and ecstatic cuddle with her infant, painted by Leslie, R.A., and would do as a pictorial pendant to Kean's few last thrusts. A single look at it every morning would do to turn a man out natural and good-natured for the day.

Another picture of this class appeared in 1854, in the exhibition at the Piazza del Popolo, in Rome. It was by a Russian painter. The subject—rendered with a naturalness quite intense—was of a mother, intently, and at arm's-length, admiring the child she had just bathed, still radiant and sparkling from the water, but with an expression so perfect, so devoid of conventionality, and a drawing so fine, as to entitle it to the highest place. "The Wish," a single head by the late Holst, is another work of a dissimilar character, but perfect in the intensity of an ardent wish, perfectly relieved from the commonplace of upturned eyes, clasped hands, or the slightest trace of lascivious expression, which belong as a matter of tradition to nearly all heads of this class, and render them to the mass sufficiently equivocal in morals and meretricious to be admired. The head of Holst, however, had qualities which might set these general allurements at a discount. It was the head of all others that could wish up to the verge of faith; was stern, though of a woman, and beautiful.

What constitutes the absolute and intrinsic value of these three works? At first glance, their subjects would appear to be in each instance of the least possible importance; affairs of every-day life, occurring by thousands in every country, in every city and village. And, again, the actors: what might they be?

The idea that the subjects are of no importance is a most important mistake. On the instinctive, ever-enduring maternal ardour, the whole social tone of human relations is based and sustained. It is the culminating point of the affections from which all its other grades may be measured downwards. The two first-named pictures are most admirably chosen illustrations of pleasurable instances of this passion of passions, and both of them represent nicely discriminated degrees of maternal ecstasy, flowing from the possession of another and a dearer self. The Russian mother awake, and in full possession of her senses, if a mother can be said to be so while indulging in a rapture of this nature. The English mother, lost, and overwhelmed in one of those wild abandonments to the phrenzy of affection, in which it is the wonder of everyone not a mother, that the child should ever come out of the encounter alive. It was a picture altogether joyous, innocent, and intense,—the sunny side of life up to the dazzling point; which, to look at sufficiently unmoved, seemed to require that the mind should be protected by darkened glasses.

Then, as to Holst's "Wish." As to subject, what is more universal? To wish and to will constitute the grand prelude to all the initiative of life—to act is only left. The wish and the will are perfect in themselves, and constitute more of the real character of individuals than the act, which is a mere experiment.

Each of the three pictures, therefore, have for its basis a great thought of universal interest, masked only by the circumstance of its daily occurrence; which, like the rising of the sun, would, if announced

for a first time, call together the whole world as a witness.

As great thoughts, they were greatly sustained, though in different degrees. I would with the greatest deference suggest, that the picture of the Russian possesses a little too much of accessory, that that of Holst should have been enshrined in a background of equal simplicity and grandeur with the subject, and that the cards should have been discarded. In that by Leslie, the thought alone was pronounced, and is, consequently, more complete than it otherwise would have been.

Pictures of this character, embodying some universal and absorbing thought, cannot be considered technical, and must take their rank amongst classical and inventive works, when carried out with a high hand, and can only become equivocal when injudiciously ornamented by an undue display of technical accessory and dexterity.

As for the technical limits of this Art, they are a field whose dimensions extend as the Art itself progresses. The index which marks on the dial-plate of Art, the limits of its technical portion, ascends day by day, bearing to the whole of Art a larger proportion as it advances, and will, in all probability, include—by the time Art itself shall arrive at its maximum of excellence—most of its higher attributes, and much even of what is now assigned to invention.

In the commencement, its best, though really humble efforts were ascribed to nothing short of high genius. Of this, a better illustration cannot be offered, than the writings contemporary with early Art itself, in which works, which would not now stand the test of a moderate criticism, are described as miracles of genius, &c. An eulogy is laid at the feet of the painter who first emancipated the human head from the barber's-block type; and a second to the one who achieved its roundness: panegyric is repeated on every new turn of a face, and a grand rhapsody launched upon the astounding novelty of an open mouth.

The technical portion of the earlier works consisted in merely the drawing, and the light and shade, both equally obvious and easy, and the colouring obvious also, though more difficult. As Art advanced, technism advanced with it, and took higher ground; while every new phase of thought and operation formed another page of the book in which Emerson has said, "No man shall be able to bury his secret so deep," &c. Michael Angelo, of like mind with the ancient sculptor, found out the secret which the author of the celebrated Torso had buried so deep in that marble book, and derived from it his whole future style. To him—Michael Angelo—the entire range of thought and conception of the author of the Torso was afterwards an open volume, and the expression of it became a piece of straightforward technism, and might have been conveyed again in ten minutes communication with any other like-minded man.

Where technism commences has just been indicated, where it ceases depends altogether on the weight of the individual who pursues the art, for what is technical to one is invention to another. So, when and where Art commences, is of easy solution, as it was never extinct, but in its lowest state always maintained some flickering light, sufficient to warrant the existence of its germ. But, whether its full and complete development occupy a one or a ten centuries depends entirely on the fortuitous organism of individuals occurring during the supposed periods.

Art, notwithstanding, is most essentially derivative; and, Michael Angelo and Giotto

occurring at inverse dates, would, in all probability, have changed characteristics; for, in the bungling mode of Giotto, there is a naturalness and grandeur, or rather breadth of manner, which might, with the advantages of the sixteenth century, have resulted in something equally great with the works of the terrible Florentine.

The Elgin Theseus is of itself sufficient to create—to recreate a style equally great, if not greater, than that of Michael Angelo, if we had one as great or greater than Michael Angelo to receive its full benefits: the book is unclosed to all readers; the unpatented invention is open to the whole artistic world,—the common property of all comers. To one not great enough to derive an equally high type from its more direct source—nature—the thing itself is offered gratuitously. A Handbook to the Sublime. When the right reader turns up, the execution or reproduction will become a matter of mere technism. Works of equal greatness will spontaneously roll off like periods from a practised orator.

It may be asked, why should a landscape-painter draw all his inferences on Art from historical and familiar life-subjects, or that style which originates from the mixture of the two? But there are many motives to do this. One principal inducement is that, in referring to works of this class by the elder men, and amongst which is found little landscape, you address yourself to the world at large instead of one portion of it. Your inferences are derived from a mass of works, amongst which occur not only the universally acknowledged, but the actually classical instances of high Art: you avoid the most distant chance of the charge of either favouritism or jealousy; and, on the other hand, the principles and precepts of Art itself are universal, and apply in common to all styles, from history down to still life. The tests by which to assign a value to one or the other are the same, even up to the points of expression and invention, of which last there frequently occurs more in landscape than in the other styles.

Reynolds has erroneously said that *landscape* is not amenable to the same principles as *history*. Reynolds was a genius in his way, but not a universal one even in Art; he was great in his own walk, and, like many other limited geniuses, little out of it. He thought it, perhaps, necessary that he should appear to know something of all Art; and, in his dislike or jealousy of landscape-painters, endeavoured to lower landscape-painting.

If it may be said that the bulk of what is done in landscape is not capable of sustaining itself at the height I would place it, it is saying nothing, as the same may be said of all the other styles.

Under the general term landscape I would include all out-of-door scenes; and if anyone say that this picture is indebted to the figures for its interest, I say of another—Poussin's "Plague" for instance—this is indebted to the landscape.

The general all-pervading love of landscape and out-of-door life is derived from purely animal instincts; is universal, like all instincts, as in the presence of landscape alone is it possible to obtain the atmosphere on which we live in its greatest purity. This instinctive love of out-of-doors, like most instincts, may be undefinable, but possessed by all. The love of high landscape, on the contrary, is definable, and felt intensely, but by a few, and is derived from the higher and poetical instincts.

Topography in colours is quite sufficient for the first large class of individuals. The second and limited number demand high

genius to satisfy them, if they be ever satisfied at all, as written language is altogether more suggestive of the higher beauties, grandeur, and terrors of the possibilities of landscape, than the more palpable cloth and colours of the greatest landscape genius that ever painted. This must always remain the case, as painting cannot draw largely on association. Language, therefore, will, first of all terrestrial things, become perfect amongst the complicated efforts of man. After that, form, as being the most simple phase of Art, will attain perfection, and most likely in sculpture. But the complications besetting painting at every point, may defer its full accomplishment to the end of time, but creating in its difficult and varied course a sufficient number of phases, in the hands of varied genius, to interest, amuse, instruct, and gratify the whole world during its progress.

Language, however, must keep her vantage ground, if from the admissibility alone of associative accompaniment; and Browning's description of a morning, Byron's storm in the Alps, Spenser's closer scenes, and the associative out-of-doors pictures of such men as Dickens, will never be reached by mortal painter.

The nearest approach to this power occurs in the "Stonehenge" of Turner; and the melancholy and sedate, monk-like, detached fragment, apparently leaving the scene of the storm, disturbed though grand, is an instance of inventive genius that must burn on like an eternal beacon through all the vicissitudes of Art, to light its votaries when it shall waver. The other figures of dead shepherd and sheep, are as nothing when estimated in comparison with this spectral fragment; they are not inventive, but merely obvious accessories to such a scene, a violent appeal to the sympathies, and resisted in proportion to its violence.

It is with landscape, as with history and familiar life, that the higher strokes of invention are oftener deduced from circumstances of every-day occurrence than from any far-fetched effort of the imagination, or any novel or complicated combination of an either mental or material character. The great art in the representation of the drama and history, and familiar life, is to promptly and powerfully give what the soul itself would do, modified by individual temperament. The great art in the realisation of landscape passion is to fuse into its broad treatment nothing short of, and nothing besides those elements, which each particular instance is not only most susceptible of, but which it may be said—of all others—to demand. To do this with a scene of the lowest possible pretensions, is to effect that great difference which separates landscape, as a noble style of Art, from mere topography in colours. The Stonehenge just alluded to is a noble instance in this direction, and created out of a scene which, under the ordinary circumstance of "a fine day for sketching," and a drive across Salisbury Plain, leaves the tourist's mind—if a common-place one—under an uncomfortable sensation of having seen nothing more than a few not very large fragments of stone on a very flat piece of uninteresting country. The next essential in high landscape is to avoid any attempt to mix, and, accordingly, attenuate the three distinct natural divisions of the style—the simple, the beautiful, and the grand or sublime. There is, in external nature, a continual occurrence of the elements which constitute these three states, each easily separable, and often disengaging themselves distinctly the one from the other; and all unequivocally great works,

which have stood the test of any considerable lapse of time, are referable for their greatness to this management.

It has often struck me in reading the "Odyssey," that the sublime of that work is a result of the unmitigated blackguardism and impulse of its heroes, in most instances huge depositions of animal force and irresponsibility; and that a similar source of the sublime on a larger scale exists in the inimical phenomena of terrestrial and atmospheric nature, made grander still by the absence of motive, and occurring totally irrespective of human affairs. I have the strongest conviction that when landscape shall rise superior to the technism of the style that at present distinguishes it, it will be in treading a walk to be found not only amongst the storms, but by a stormy mind. A Michael Angelo in landscape can scarcely yet be said to have appeared; the nearest approach occurs in Salvator, but who is altogether too picturesque to realise the possibilities of nature in her wildest state as well as her wildest mood. No one as yet has more than just pricked through the margin of this region; its vortex has never been approached. I again imagine that when the right organism turn up for the task, he will achieve it without figures or human incident. That if the present admirers of Art do not hang this class of work, it is that they do not carry him far enough, prick his imagination deep enough, and that the introduction of the figure tends much to weaken the hold on the mind, which the scene itself, sufficiently realised, would have. The present state of things is only to be reversed by the painter, and we must wait for him. But when he occurs, we shall as frequently have attached to galleries the "Room of Storms," as the "Salon de la Beauté."

GROTTA FERRATA.

IN the whole neighbourhood of Rome there is no spot more interesting to the artist or the lover of saintly lore than the monastery of Grotta Ferrata, situated on the confines of the great chestnut forest where I have whiled away the delicious, dreamy summer months. Looking down from our mountain eyrie, there stands the huge pile, majestically crowning the summit of the low fertile hills which about on the dreary, burnt-up Campagna, now deepening into the brown and ruddy shades of autumn. The path from my home descends through romantic woods of magnificent trees, old enough, to all appearance, to have been cotemporaries of Amator and Numitor, the early kings of ancient Alba;—grand old chestnuts flinging around delicious shade and freshness, even under the sun's most fervid rays. After a time this woodland track of sylvan beauty opens on the Roman road, skirting the pleasant vineyards, now mantling with luxuriant leaves, under which the already purpling bunches of the rich fruit peep out. The songs of the *Contadini*, in a kind of rustic chorus sung in parts, come floating through the air, as they labour in the olive groves which border the sunny side of the valleys. The peach, the apple-trees, and the figs, bow down with the weight of blushing, bursting fruit, and tall flowers spring up in the hedge-rows and between the vines, giving a pleasant greeting as one passes. No wonder the ancient Romans loved the Arcadian beauty of the Alban hills, "where breathes the freshness of the main." Riding along on my trusty mountain pony, I have often found myself in an uncontrollable fit of enthusiasm, exclaiming—

"Tis a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land,
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand."

On one side are the rocky hills of old Tusculum,

heavy with dark woods; before, in the far distance, Rome—the Eternal—reclining like an eastern beauty on her majestic hills, backed by the blue mountains of the Romagna; to the left, bosomed in forests, repose the placid waters of the Alban Lake. In the centre of this fertile district, so abounding in classic associations, Grotta Ferrata is situated.

Quite away from the little groups of sunny-looking houses forming the village, away to the left, under the umbrageous shadow of wide-spreading sycamores and venerable plane-trees, uprise the turrets of the vast castle-monastery, surrounded by a moat, and flanked by solid towers, as imposing a mediæval structure—with its machicolated battlements, and castellations, and mullioned walls—as ever frowned down over a verdant land. To be sure it looks no more like a monastery than "I to Hercules;" on the contrary, its aspect breathes the very spirit of the fierce feudal ages. One expects to see the mailed retainers and helmed warders peeping over the turretted breast-works, to hear the men-at-arms sounding the shrill bugle to warn the garrison that a foe approaches, and to see the flaunting pennon of the Rovere, the feudal lords of the fortress, waving from the battlements, together with all "signs, shows, and modes," befitting the "pomp and circumstance" of war. But those grand machicolated walls are desolate; the solidly-arched gateway stands widely open; instead of armed knights and pursuivants, a pale, black-habited monk looks timidly out of an upper window; the lonely grass-grown court, flanked by castellated towers, flinging ominous shadows across the verdant lawns, is silent as the grave, save for the murmuring of the graceful fountain in the centre, dripping down silvery streamlets from a sculptured cup into a large basin beneath: court after court opens out within the walls, some bordered by pillared colonnades; others, dark and dreary, as leading down to deep dungeons

"Where the chain'd captive sighs for death,"

but all castellated, and warlike in aspect; all impressed with a martial defiant look, suggesting far other days, and making the poor Basilian monks that steal about look strangely out of place.

The church, standing on one side of a spacious columned cortile, looks at first sight like some great hall or vestibule, reserved for the barons to assemble when they keep their state; but one is reminded of its sacred use by the words "Domus Dominus" inserted over the door, and a certain fragrant ecclesiastical perfume of incense and flowers, heavy with the prayers of faithful worshippers, that comes floating through the portal. The interior, although modern, is solemn and impressive, evidently "a crown of rejoicing" to the good monks, who continually hover about and keep everything in a state of the most apostolic order. A cardinal, whose carriage waited at the door, was kneeling before the altar, surrounded by his attendants, his large scarlet hat lying on the pavement beside him.

Through an open door I unconsciously passed into the mortuary chapel, of modern gothic architecture. I started back on seeing a bier strewn with flowers, the offerings of some poor *Contadini*, who gave their *all* in those blooming flowers, to deck what lay beneath. How sweetly suggestive is this national custom of strewing the dead with flowers, frailest and fairest of the daughters of earth! The bier was spread with the usual covering of black edged with gold, the skull and cross-bones glaring fearfully out on the dark cloth. I was so taken aback, that for an instant I had not courage to advance; the sight of death is ever to me peculiarly awful. When I looked again, I saw stretched on the bier a lovely infant, pale and fair as whitest roses under the trembling moonbeams. It had died in peace, for not a look of suffering lingered on the small features, the delicate eyes were closed, the curling, golden hair rested on its faded cheeks, flowers were entwined round the small head, and strewed over the fragile form, all shrouded in purest white. The little hands were crossed on the chest, and tied together with a blue knot of ribbon, and among the fingers a red pomegranate flower, so red and

beaming, was placed, closely clasped in the pallid fingers.

Ah! there lay the hope, the joy, the delight of some fond mother's bosom. The star had fallen from some mother's heaven when that little form was laid on the sombre bier, when those bonnie eyes were closed, when that sweet infant voice was hushed, and that loved little one borne away out by the darkened door. Oh! what a world of misery hung around that bier! Life, love, hope,—all gathered into the small, narrow grave; and the flowers,—the bright, mocking, jocund flowers,—what did they do there, smiling in the dead child's hand? Breathing of spring, and sunshine, and all pleasant, joyous things? the burning red pomegranate blossom in the lifeless hand, beside the awful skull and the crossbones, and the expectant worms watching beside? Oh! it was cruel!

I had heard of the famous chapel dedicated to San Nilo, but being lamentably ignorant of his history, I begged one of the monks, a most pleasing and gentlemanly man, to relate it. I have often observed there is nothing more gratifying to monks than asking them questions and minute details about their patron saints; it touches their local vanity like magic, and delights them, good, simple souls, as much as the praise of her beauty does a lovely woman. On the present occasion it was even so; with a benignant, gratified smile, the monk began.

"St. Nilo," said he, in Italian, "was a Greek of Calabria, born near Tarentum, one of those cities of southern Italy where so much that is classical and Grecian still lingers. Our saint, availing himself of the liberty granted by the Greek church, united himself to an excellent woman, *una santissima donna*,—they together, by their lives, setting an example of the holy and faithful discharge of all domestic virtues. But, it seems to me, Signora, *noi altri* are better off single, after all,—for, after living a few years in great happiness and peace, his beloved wife was taken to Paradise, and sad and melancholy San Nilo mourned her loss. Despair, solitude, and grief led him to take refuge in the unruffled harbour of a monastery, he became a monk of the Grecian order of San Basilio, the holy founder of monasticism in the East. He took the vows at the convent of Rossana, where he lived long in the odour of sanctity, and was at last so respected for his great *giudizio*, learning, and goodness, as to be placed at the head of the community. There he remained until the incursions of the Saracens driving him from eastern to western Italy, he fled to the famous Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino, near Capua. But, alas! here fresh troubles awaited the *Santo uomo*, for the princess who ruled that district, Aloare by name, who was a wicked woman, sent for the saint, whose sanctity had made his name famous far and wide, and being troubled in her conscience by reason of a crime she had committed, confessed her sins to him, demanding absolution. But the blessed saint replied that, unless she was ready to make restitution to the family she had injured, and to deliver over her own son to them in place of the one she had caused to be murdered, for them to deal with as they saw fit, he would not absolve her, but rather would publicly denounce her as an unshriven and unrepentant sinner. The guilty mother could not resolve on the sacrifice of her son, nor could she prevail against the stern rectitude of the priest, although she offered him a large sum of money in order to induce him to wipe away the crime which weighed so heavily on her conscience, by the blessed words of pardon and absolution. San Nilo indignantly flung the money she offered him on the ground, and departed," continued the monk, "*ringra-giando Iddio che non era capace di un tal peccato*."

"Being no longer safe in those countries where the wicked Aloare ruled, he turned towards Rome, and seeking the solitude of the Aventine mount, secluded himself within the Church of San Alessio,—that humble servant of God, *e devotissimo Santo*, whose life of self-sacrifice and fortitude (living voluntarily as a beggar in rags, hid within his father's palace) make him of all other saints gentle and benignant towards those whose sorrows lead them to love solitude and contemplation.

"Rome was at this time distracted with revolutions and warfare. Otho III., Emperor of the West, suddenly leading an army into Italy, deposed the pope, John XVI., and placed a relation of his own in the papal chair. Murders and horrible excesses were the consequences of this violence, which San Nilo heard of in his retreat on the Aventine, with infinite pain, for the deposed pope, a Greek by birth, was his valued friend. The new pope and his patron, Otho, wished, however, to conciliate the favour of our saint, for he was held," continued the monk, "at Rome as elsewhere, *come un uomo veramente Santo, ed ispirato da Dio*." But he would not listen to overtures from the wicked Emperor, any more than to the prayers and threats of the princess Aloare, so being no longer safe in Rome, he shook off the dust from his feet, and went to Gaeta. Otho afterwards, touched by remorse for the evil he had done, undertook a pilgrimage to the miraculous shrine of the glorious Archangel Michael, at Monte Galgano, desiring in his way to obtain a meeting with the Saint.

"At the sight of the venerable monk the Emperor fell on his knees, and entreated his prayers and intercessions, promising to erect a splendid church where stood the lowly oratory in which he and his companions then dwelt. But St Nilo, constant to his principles, firmly refused all these offers, together with the Emperor's flattering blandishments. 'These monks, my brethren,' replied he, 'who dwell around, are truly citizens of heaven, who here below live in tents as strangers and pilgrims upon earth.' Otho then entered their oratory, and, after praying there, was led by St. Nilo to his own cell. Here he pressed him again to accept a plot of ground anywhere within his dominions, promising richly to endow it. But our saint, thanking *Sua Maesta*, answered that, 'If his brethren were truly monks, the Divine Master would not forsake them.' Then the Emperor, who had even knelt to the saint, rose up, and begged him at least to ask any boon or favour for himself he might desire. Our blessed saint, touched by his importunity, laying his hand on the Emperor's breast, replied:—'All I ask of you is, that you will save your own guilty soul: though a mighty Emperor, you must die and give an account of your actions to God like other men.' After this interview Otho returned to Rome, where, the people rising against him, he was ignominiously driven out, and died soon after, while our saint removed from Gaeta and founded this monastery near Frascati, where he lived in great peace with his friend San Bartolomeo, saying every day mass in the Greek tongue, a custom we religiously continue until this day." "Come, now, Signora Mia," continued the monk, "and look at the frescoes with which Dominichino decorated the chapel dedicated to our saint, and his disciple the holy Bartolomeo."

On the walls of this chapel Dominichino has transmitted to posterity the records of St. Nilus's life, in a series of the noblest frescoes this great master of the Eclectic school ever executed. None of his works at Rome are more perfectly preserved or more brilliantly coloured. The good Basilian monks, with reason, esteem them the glory of their church,—a shrine before which all creeds must bow in a truly catholic worship of immortal Art.

"Dominichino" our loquacious and intelligent monk went on to inform us, "was in his twenty-ninth year when he painted the chapel, and was driven out from Rome by reason of a crime he had committed—'*un delitto per una certa donna*' (woman being always at the bottom of every mischief). This 'ladye of his love' accompanied him, it seems, when he fled from justice and from Rome, dwelling at Frascati close by, while he himself invoked the protection of his patrons, the Farnese, who granted him an asylum within the citadel of the monastery of Grotta Ferrata, included in the diocese of Cardinal Odoardo Farnese."

During his exile among the Basilian monks, which continued some time, Dominichino was employed by the Cardinal to paint this chapel.

These frescoes are evidently the work of a conscientious young painter, from the faithful portraiture and identity of nature visible in them,

before an acquaintance with other schools and masters had rendered his style conventional. Yet, great as were the powers of Dominichino, these works alone would suffice to show how infinitely in point of fancy and imagination he was inferior to Raphael, although undoubtedly his superior both in colouring, and in a certain true and life-like expression he threw into his finest works. In elevation and classic elegance Dominichino was, however, entirely distanced by that "unrivalled sovereign of the realms of grace," whose heavenly imagination seemed absolutely to inspire humanity, until it became in aspect like unto the Godhead in whose image it was created.

Dominichino dealt rather with the *realities of life*, which he faithfully depicted, and ever laboured on and on, slowly and surely, with an industrious perseverance, that gained from his contemporaries the nick-name of the "Ox."

Two large frescoes occupy the principal walls of the chapel; that to the left representing the "Meeting of San Nilo with the Emperor Otho," who, half kneeling, casts himself despairingly into his arms. The mantled, jewelled king, with his magnificent train of armed and plumed attendants and horses, offers a fine contrast to the sombre robes of the venerable saint, who contemplates the royal sinner with a look "more in sorrow than in anger." The composition is full of figures, but fails in the *geometrical order* and dramatic grouping so admirable in Raphael and the higher masters. The principal subject is thrown too much into a corner. At first sight, one is puzzled to distinguish St. Nilo and the Emperor among a mixed crowd of figures. The colouring rich, but not glaring, is as fresh and bright as if painted yesterday. Trumpeters, attendants, and pages, are gathered in the central foreground in various attitudes, full of simple yet energetic action. A great white horse with distended nostrils, swelling veins, and pricked-up ears, prances out of the picture. It seems to listen, with its vivid eyes, to the clang of the trumpet behind: a moment more and it will be beside you. Yet, marvellous as is the action and fire of this horse, it is vulgar and coarse in form,—no better indeed than a Flemish steed. Admirably expressed is the terror of the page who holds it, reminding one, in general treatment, of the type of the medieval page in which Pinturicchio and his school delighted.

Dominichino has represented himself as a youth holding the Emperor's horse, while near him stand two attendants, portraits of his friends Guido and Guercino, who, if they resembled those portraits, must have been unaccountably ugly. Guido, a brutal, vulgar-looking man, with a strikingly unintellectual expression, more resembles a Dutch boor than anything else. Guercino, seen in profile, is hawk-eyed and Jewish, with a tremendously prominent nose; and Dominichino himself, a keen-featured Zingaro, looking quite capable of committing every possible crime, "*per una certa donna*." Such a trio of ill-favoured geniuses never were assembled before, I verily believe! The Emperor alone has a noble, manly countenance.

A female figure in the centre, habited as a courtier, in a blue cap and white feather, full and voluptuous in form, with golden hair flying unbraided in the breeze, at once catches the eye. There is a wild bacchanalian look about the lovely face, and "tresses unconfined,"—the expressive, though somewhat dreamy eye, gazing full on the spectator—thoroughly Italian in character, spite of the Saxon fairness of the complexion. "*Quella persona*," said the monk, looking rather confused, "is the *bella* for whose sake Dominichino committed the crime for which he was banished Rome, and who, it is said, cost him his life afterwards, *poverino!* *Una ritorsione mandata da Dio davvero*." "It is said," continued he, "that afterwards, when the picture was uncovered, and the portrait was recognised by the parents and friends of the *damigella*, they were in such a rage at the public affront put on them that they threatened his life, and that he was again obliged to fly away somewhere else. So it seems, Signor, Dominichino was no sooner out of one *impiccio* than he got into another,—all for his sins, and too great love for *le belle donne*."

A distant view of the Castle of Gaeta, where the interview between the Emperor and San Nilo took place, finishes this most varied and interesting composition,—which, in spite of many obvious errors of composition and taste, is a masterly specimen of the occasional perfection attained by the otherwise objectionable eclectic school.

But far more excellent is a smaller fresco, representing San Nilo on his knees, healing, by his prayers, a demoniac boy with the consecrated oil taken by San Bartolomeo (who stands in the centre of the group) from the lamp burning before the shrine of the Madonna; the whole work is a prodigy of expression. Indeed it is not in the power of words to describe the vitality of the stiffening attitude of that livid child, thrown back with outstretched arms in a paroxysm of the fit under which he suffers; the pallid, death-like tint of the flesh—the upturned eyes starting from his head—the straightened hair—the strained and stiffening limbs—as, resting on his toes, he presses with agonised energy against the figure who supports him. The forms of the boy, though not so large and grand in style, are, in my opinion, infinitely to be preferred to the strained and unnatural demoniac Raphael has introduced into the foreground of the “Transfiguration.” If Dominichino imitated the idea (as would seem to be the case) from Raphael, he has surpassed the original, both in severity of anatomical truth, and correctness of expression and drawing. Nothing can be finer or more appropriate than the solemn, grey colouring, as suitable to the gravity and mystery of the subject. A dull yellow and black are the prevailing shades in the draperies; the heads are low in tone, or rather are in half tint, giving a simple breadth without undue effect. The drawing of the hands and feet of the brother holding the oil is marvellously true and correct; indeed, in *material truth*, the whole fresco is inimitable. Among the other figures is the anxious, kneeling mother, one arm wonderingly upraised, while in the other rests a lovely infant. The two boys standing before her, drawing backwards in fear and trembling at the miracle, are finely expressed and contrasted with the calm figures of the two monks,—especially San Nilo, who,—quietly holding the lamp, behind which appears a circular image of the Madonna and Child,—stretches forth his hand, and touches with the sacred oil the tongue of the demoniac.

Two other frescoes are much inferior both in colour and general interest. In one, to the right of the altar, the Madonna appears in a “glory” to the two saints, kneeling, and presents them with a golden apple as a symbol that on that spot she commands them to erect a church in her honour. The apple is said to be preserved in the foundations of the belfry. Another fresco, of equal size with the “Meeting of St. Nilo and the Emperor,” represents the “Founding of the Monastery of Grotta Ferrata,”—a somewhat bold composition in point of grouping, with fine architectural details in the background, the whole much faded withal, and injured by the damp. San Bartolomeo, who undertakes to erect the monastery, in obedience to the virgin’s directions, after the death of St. Nilo, the first abbot and patron saint, stands in the centre, examining the plan of the new building,—presented by the master-builder—through his spectacles. Masons and workmen form various rather uninteresting episodes in different portions of the composition; some are digging up an ancient sarcophagus, discovered in laying the foundation, while others are in the act of raising a column, which, according to tradition, would have fallen on the heads of the workmen, the cords having given way, had not one of the monks, rich in faith, sustained it with his single strength. As a whole, this fresco is poor; evidently a minor work; the composition scattered; the details are dry and meagre, even for Dominichino: the subject, indeed, is exceedingly unmanageable, specially for so natural and artistic an artist.

The only graceful “bits” are a life-like group of women and children, and a peep of background, looking as if it had been copied *verbatim* from the beautiful ruins of Adrian’s villa at Tivoli. With the exception of the subject-

foreground, the composition reminded me in general characteristic treatment of another famous fresco by Dominichino, “The Flagellation of St. Andrew,” in the Church of San Gregorio, on the Caelian hill at Rome.

On either side of the hill appears the “Annunciation;” the Virgin, shaped in her conventional robes of red and blue, kneels, while on the opposite spandril, the archangel,

“A smooth-faced, glorious thing,”

golden-hued, and glittering, yet breathing the brilliant hues of paradise, pronounces the words which make her “Blessed among women.” On the altar is a dark and uninteresting picture of the “Virgin,” by Annibal Caracci, and on either hand, two beautiful fresco figures, by Dominichino, “St. Edward of England,” and “San Eustachio.” Why Edward the Confessor, our solitary royal worthy, is selected from the great army of saints and martyrs, to decorate a votive chapel near Rome, I could not conceive; nor did the monks enlighten me. San Eustachio appears as a gentle, holy-looking youth, who turns his head, to contemplate the crucifixion of our Lord, miraculously revealed to him while hunting in a vision, seen between the horns of a stag, which is introduced looking over his shoulder. There is an earnest pensive character about the head very remarkable; a look preventive, as it were, with a prophetic consciousness of his own shocking martyrdom. The cupola and the architraves are ornamented with some exquisite vignettes, finished with the care and precision of miniatures,—San Cecilia, San Monica, San Agnese, &c.; while below, on the spandrils of the arch, float four charming angels, of quite celestial beauty, bearing holy water, incense, the asperge, and the cross. No “Loves” of Albano, in his happiest inspirations, ever exceeded them in refined and classic elegance. Dominichino’s isolated heads, and figures of angels or cherubims, are always beautiful. He is invariably more successful in grouping angels, whose flowing lines and airy draperies form, so to say, a bouquet of connected lines in a compact order of form, than in arranging numerous figures collected to portray any particular event or action. Other scenes from the Life of St. Nilo decorate this most interesting chapel, where such unspeakable grace and propriety of arrangement are observable, both in the minutest as well as the principal details. Grand whole-length figures of celebrated saints of the Greek Church, painted by the same master-hand, are ranged around the chapel under the cornice,—solemn and venerable forms,—the very *Genii loci*, that seemed to loom down with reproachful glances on us sinners beneath.

The extreme beauty and finish of the compositions, the propriety of the subjects, and the general historic interest of the chapel, have led me into greater length than I intended. Perhaps I valued these brilliant frescoes the more intensely, seeing them, as I did, isolated from all other works of Art, amid the verdant recesses of the Alban valleys.

I thanked the courteous Basilian monk for the explanations he had afforded, and returned into the church, where were assembled a whole bevy of rebellious little urchins, gathered from the neighbouring *passe*, busy repeating the “*dottrina*,” a kind of catechism or litany, to another monk who stood near the altar, habited in the black tunic and cowl of his order, the tunic fastened by a girdle of knotted cord; he recited the first sentences, to which the children loudly responded, here and there a little voice stammering on after the others had ended, for want of promptitude; the child was duly rebuked. Once, when the little chorus sounded intolerably loud and shrill, the benevolent looking monk significantly pointed to the mortuary chapel beyond, where lay the flower-strawed dead, a hint not lost on the children, whose voices melted down to an almost reverential whisper as they glanced to where the little corpse lay.

I remounted my pony and retraced my way through the forest, where the shades of evening had already gathered.

FLORENTIA.

“L’EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE DES BEAUX ARTS,” AT PARIS.

NEED we say, in reference to the great experiment, which is now being wrought out in Paris, that all our sympathies and good wishes have accompanied it from its commencement to its conclusion—*ab ovo usque ad mala*. Perhaps, in these columns, we may be allowed to profess an especial interest in a world-wide challenge to competition, when Art in its purest fineness—in its highest vocation—is associated with those zealous creations of factory, foundry, or workshop, on which its refining influence confers their crowning value. To that practical end it is our pride to have unswervingly laboured—not to confound the two great agents in an anomalous attempt at combination—but, while ever keeping them fittingly apart, still to bring them into that well understood and uniformly maintained proximity, by which the spirit of the one might be assuredly transfused into the other and impart to it the redeeming vitality of grace and beauty. By the unaltered fidelity of our aims and efforts in this direction, we have hoped to see the obvious disadvantages, under which our great manufacturing classes have laboured in competition with their foreign rivals, gradually disappear. Having had these great guiding purposes ever in view for ourselves, we witnessed with corresponding gratification the initiatory example so spiritedly set at the Dublin Exhibition, of which this more extensive undertaking of France may fairly be deemed the result.

On all hands, this great convention of art has been compared to those immortal games of Greece, upon which, Olympus looked down. This association with the golden classic time commends itself to the scholar’s fondest reminiscences, picturing forth the gallant sons of Athens, Lacedæmon, Corinth, and all the lesser Hellenic states, hurrying on in the full fervour and hot haste of youthful emulation, to those matchless athletic contests, where the sculptor’s eye was familiarised with faultless forms, and where hand and heart were disciplined into the heroism that gave Thermopylæ its Three Hundred.

A still higher competition, however, has now been devised in these Olympics of the painter and the sculptor—where mind meets mind, either in simple strength, or panoplied in the finest-tempered intellectuality. And, let it not be forgotten, that Art alone affords occasion for such a reunion of all comers and from all quarters. The philosophers and poets of different countries and languages can but poorly appreciate the felicity of each other’s originalities—those delicate significances of expression, which resemble the fine demi-tints of a painting. How little can the French savant, or even the German, take in the subtler charms of Shakespeare! And, again, with what a strongly contrasted perception did not Cowper and Pope contemplate the text of Patriarchal Homer! Art, on the contrary, is *monoglot*—it has no confusion of tongues—its medium of communication, however modified by style or provincialisms, is the same to all—let its masters meet from opposite hemispheres—let their tongues vainly hesitate reciprocally to effect their function—thenceforth issues this interpreter, in whom all alike have confidence, and clear as crystal is the interchange of thought that forthwith ensues. Here in mid-Europe, we have thus the Mexican and the Peruvian in close communion with the Norwegian and the Swede.

They are brothers in the perfect interchange of familiar thought.

When the general structural plans for the Exposition of 1855 were discussed, there could scarcely have been a second opinion as to the expediency of having the fine arts set apart from the distinctive industrial or commercial display. In fact, to look no further than mere considerations of convenience, a visit to one, or the other, with an appreciating eye, is too much of a task for one day's work—each is quite sufficiently exhausting in its peculiar exactions. A separate structure being then necessary for the works of Painter and Sculptor, the available site which has been selected at the end of the Avenue de Montaigne, within a few minutes' walk, beneath embowering trees, of the main building in the Champs Elysées, had much to recommend it and but one serious objection, namely, its close proximity to a Sugar Refinery. Against, however, the warm advances of such a neighbour, security was sought in the services of an effective garrison of Pompiers, whose methodical and incessant surveillance of the premises has since been worthy of every encomium. It should be here remarked that Mr. Cole and Mr. Redgrave took, in protection of the interest confided to their care, every precaution that prudence could suggest—so much so, as to seem to the vivacious and confident French officials, to fall into a predicament of supererogation. A responsibility, however, involving insurance to the amount of 130,000*l.* might well enable them to smile at such petulances.

The task of designing the building, in which the works of the French School, besides those of artists from *Five-and-Twenty* other countries, who had responded in acquiescence to the invitation to join in a general *concours*, was confided to the architect Lefuel, who has had the honour of succeeding Visconti in bringing the works at the Tuilleries and Louvre to their conclusion, and who has, in this instance, skilfully met his responsibility. As his structure grew rapidly into existence, the vast skeleton, which it presented in an elaborate frame of beams, cross-beams, and all minor ligneous appliances, seemed perilous in the extreme—but little of solid stone material was drawn into its construction, and it might have seemed to be compacted after the quaint sturdy manner of those immemorial farmsteads, which still, amid the undulations of Kent, and occasionally in Normandy, pique the artist with the picturesqueness of their brown protruding ribs. The invaluable and abounding Paris gypsum came, with liberal profuseness, to veil all this wood, and in a startlingly brief period, the vast pile was found gleaming all in white, where but a vacuum had been before, on the high roadside. One fine morning it loomed forth like an exhalation on the banks of the Seine.

As this building, unlike its greater neighbour in the Champs Elysées, is but intended for an ephemeral existence, the architect has discreetly refrained from lavishing on it any elaboration of ornament—either exteriorly or interiorly. The façade is simply and not inelegantly designed, presenting a hemicycle, occupied, at but narrow intervals, by seven wide arched entrances—the intervening surfaces ornamented by light floral arabesques. Upon its cornice is inscribed in letters of gold, *Exposition Universelle Des Beaux Arts*.

We may here remark, that we do not propose, on this occasion, to diverge into any minute comparative critical notice of the vast array of works, which have been brought together in this unprecedented pic-

torial review, but simply and clearly as may be, to give a record of their number—of the arrangements that have been made for their reception, and of their pretensions, in the most general sense of the word.

That portion of the building which is devoted to paintings in oil, is a parallelogram—some 459 English feet in length, and 243 in breadth. With the lower half is connected a Sculpture Hall, which enlarges that number to 300. The whole area has been planned into three great central saloons, bounded by many transverse and collateral galleries of various dimensions in length and breadth.

Upon entering the peristyle from the Avenue de Montaigne, we, at once, find ourselves in the first transept, upon the walls of which, rather sparsely, it must be confessed, suspended, we find the contributions of the due North—Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—together with a few pictures from Peruvian pencils—from the Roman States and Tuscany. The Northmen are characteristically vigorous in proportion to the fewness of their deeds. Gronland for large flower and fruit pieces—and Nordanberg for a bold and well elaborated specimen of *genre* deserve special attention.

Alas! for Rome!—when, heart as she is, and has been, of glorious art from whence its pulsation has fervidly throbbled through all the schools of Europe, she but manifests such sterility of creative power, even under the inspiration of a call like that which has here brought so many of her *alumni* together!

Strange it may seem, but such is the fact, that, of the *Thirteen* canvasses which she has sent in on this occasion to sustain her credit, that which, for intrinsic merit, takes the lead—in which, soul for expression and true artistic feeling for effect are conspicuous, is due to the pencil of an Englishman—Frederick Leighton "*né à Scarborough*" and "*élève de M. Edouard Steinte de Francfort*." The subject for this, and it is a fine one, is the reconciliation of the houses of Montague and Capulet over the bodies of Romeo and Juliet. Opie treated nearly the same subject with remarkable vigour and feeling. Let us hope that his native country may hear and see more of so promising an artist as Mr. Leighton.*

Tuscany, too, almost a rival *alma mater* as she is to Rome in Art, sends here but six paintings, of which three are copies!

Having traversed the entry hall to the extreme right, the British visitant had better not retrograde in order to gain the central way of onward movement, but let him, from where he stands, cast his eye down the long lateral avenue and he will find before him that portion of the Exhibition in which he will feel most interest—viz. the gallery of his country's art—modest, it must be allowed, in its aspect. It runs along about three-fourths of the side of the building, with a width of twenty-seven feet, and a proportionate height. The arrangement by Mr. Bell of Sculpture in groups and in single statues at intervals down the centre of this line, has been devised with a skilful eye—breaking as it does monotony of perspective, and in lieu thereof, giving an agreeable animation of general effect. From the circumstance of almost all the works in the British collection being strictly of the cabinet class, it will be found that they appear to more advantage here than if they

* When these lines were written, and at the other side of the Channel, we had not been aware that Mr. Leighton had already sent his pencil's first representation to the Royal Academy—causing therein not a little surprise—ruffling the dove-cotes in Corioli. We beg he will construe our sincere anticipation into a hearty welcome.

had been, from the first, favoured with a more imposing position. Two hundred and thirty-two paintings in oil are here exhibited from the easels of ninety-seven artists. Amongst these are certainly all the names that now greatly illustrate what the French critics fondly style *the singularity* of the British School. We cannot, however, but feel that we are now far from our strongest day of art, and join cordially with our Committees in regretting that the decree of the French Government precluding the admission of works by artists deceased before June 1853, prevented the exhibition of pictures, statues, &c. by some of our most distinguished modern artists—it being only necessary to mention the names of Turner, Callcott, Hilton, Wilkie, Collins, Etty, Constable, and Haydon, amongst the painters; of Wyatt and Wyon among the sculptors. This great constellation of men of genius unhappily vanished from our sphere within no very great lapse of time—like our poets, their contemporaries—leaving no young successors to bring equivalent, or more brilliant lights to supply those, which with them we lost.

In this particular, France has found Fortune much more propitious, and, happily, she is but little touched by the decree alluded to. Never, since the commencement of the present century, to go back no further, has she been so strong as she is at present in pictorial Art. She has been gradually rising out of styles eminently vicious, and has preserved all the regenerators of her schools, if we except the great Jericault, up to the present day. Knowing, as we now know, how the vast space reserved by the French committee for their countrymen has been filled up, we cannot but regret that those men amongst ours, upon whose genius the honour of the country had to repose, were not illustrated more amply and variously than they have been. Surely some more of his earlier and more faultless works should have been added to the two sent to represent that most exquisitely poetical of landscape painters—Danby. Mr. Leslie might have doubled his five—Stanfield his five—Maclise his two—Creswick his three—and even Mulready and Landseer their nine.

As it is, however, the British gallery looks to much advantage; the purity and brilliancy of its pervading tone of colour pique the attention of stranger and critic, and win to it, we may fairly affirm, more than its relative share of visitors. It is but just to add, that, the arduous duty of hanging for so critical an occasion was very carefully and, on the whole, successfully accomplished by Messrs. Redgrave, Creswick, Hurlstone, and Warren; and that, when all around them was so much tainted with procrastination, they were severely precise in having their task effected even for the 1st of May. British sculpture was placed partially, as we have noted, in this gallery of pictures; it has, however, been chiefly arranged in a small gallery, or saloon, to which the entrances and exits open out of the former. It must be confessed that this, in its general appearance, is rather a depreciating receptacle for the marbles committed to it; but, on the other hand, it ensured the advantage of the works being kept apart, and placed in accordance with the judgment of our English commissioner, Mr. Bell: and, again, it ensured them a side light, instead of the perpendicular beams which infelicitously fall upon the crowded ranges of works in the Grand Hall.

The names of Gibson, Baily, Macdowell, Foley, Bell, Lawlor, Macdonald, Weekes,

Stephens, Durham, &c., &c., give warrant that, in this department, Great Britain is well represented. There are a few good busts by Moore, Park, and Stevens. In some cases it would have been well if a severer spirit of selection had been exercised in giving works of sculpture the extensive honour of a voyage across the Channel; it is also unfortunate that a necessity should have existed to send plaster casts to such an exhibition, where marble was the rule, and the meaner material looks to obvious disadvantage. We may conclude our notice of the British contributions on this occasion by stating that in the gallery above, which has been carried round the building, and to which access is had by stately staircases at each corner, in front, the British miniatures and water-colour drawings are seen to every advantage. Ross, Thorburn, and Carrick give an admirable selection of the former: the latter are well represented, need it be said, from the studios of J. F. Lewis, F. Tayler, Nash, Haghe, Warren, Duncan, Cattermole, and Bartholomew. Mr. Lewis's exquisite works, "The Harem" and "The Arab Scribe," have, as might have been anticipated, attracted special and minute inspection. By the bye, our French friends acknowledge, with significance, the unique merit of our "aquarelles."

In this gallery are also British architectural drawings, where the contributions of Digby Wyatt, Sir C. Barry, Burton, Owen Jones, Scott, Cockerell, and Hardwick are conspicuous. Many of our best line engravings and lithographs, with which the public eye has been familiar, are here in goodly array. It is to be regretted the contributors have sent specimens so far below what our artists are capable of producing: the works of the Thompsons forming almost the only exception.

Let us now lead our readers back to the first transept, from which we have set out, and make a regular forward move through its central archway. This brings us into a second and parallel transept, where we find Switzerland represented by 35 artists and 94 works; Baden by 9 artists and 14 works; the United States of America by 10 of the former and 39 of the latter. A pervading vigour marks the Swiss canvas, but its chief attraction is one small masterpiece by a young artist, Van Muyden, representing, to the life, a "Refectory of Capuchin Monks at Albano," in which singular power and simplicity of style are finely combined. Baden takes just pride in her Louis Kraus, whose "Gypsy Encampment," and "Morning after a Rustic Carousal," display an original vigour of expression and colouring that promise a future first-class artist; she also claims, and with justice, Winterhalter as her own. The United States have not done much to prove to Europe that their go-a-head utilitarian powers have been able to relax sufficiently for their attaining the accomplishment of Fine Art.

From this transept we now move into the first of the three great central saloons—it is occupied by Prussia. Kiss's colossal equestrian group of "St. George and the Dragon," a work of vast executive vigour, but, for the purer quality of sculpture, much inferior to his "Amazon," holds, in truly formidable guise, possession of its centre. The labour with which this dragon has been wrought in detail,

"With scale on scale it scaled is,
As thick as scales may lie,"

(to travestie old Derrick), indicates wondrous industry, but a very mechanical Promethean verve.

One side of this saloon is occupied by

large Cartoons from the hand of Cornelius, being designs for frescoes to be executed on a *Campo Santo* at Berlin. They will disappoint, we apprehend, the admirers of this great artist. He may reserve his powers for the frescoes, but here there is much more exaggeration of action than lofty expression. Here will be found Begas's favourite work of "Christ predicting the Fall of Jerusalem," not so remarkable for vigour of tint, as for its sweetness of pathos. The other works of the Prussian school here exhibited, 135 in number, descend from the broad canvas, and the style sublime. They are, as a class, highly creditable—in landscape, genre, and portraiture. Many a visitor will linger to develop all the charmingly fanciful illustrations with which Schroedter, a pupil of Schadow, depicts in delicate water-colour tints "The Four Seasons." We should add that nine Cartoons by Kaulbach, which are suspended in the Great Sculpture Hall, are not unworthy of his great name.

Flanking the Prussian quarter on the left will be found the Austrian, Bavarian, and Wurtemberg Gallery. At the word Bavarian, what lover of art will not enter and look round him with eager interest—but in vain. Here are but some 65 cabinet oil paintings, which would indicate that the soul of that art, which has won the admiration of all Europe, was centred in frescoes, that may not be abstracted from retentive walls, even to honour a festival of Art such as this.

In the 52 contributions of Austria and the 9 of Wurtemberg, there is a level mediocrity, which will not draw very severely upon attention.

On the left side of the Prussian Saloon will be found the Belgian Gallery and that of the Pays Bas—the former having a collection of 224, the latter of 94 works. In both a pervading propensity will be observed to emulate the great old names of the Flemish and Dutch Schools. Belgium has not here her most ambitious pencil, and that to which she gives her choicest wreath; Gallet has not favoured France with a canvas. A jealous spirit has, we believe, been here at work, which has been so far untoward. Something of the same kind has withheld the productions of the chisel of Simonis from the array of marbles collected on this occasion.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true."

In the transept, which separates the Prussian from Middle and First French Saloon, will be found and scrutinized with no common interest, the works, in number eighty-four, which have been sent to represent the quondam schools of Murillo and Velasquez. Spain has not as yet, however, returned to her good old ways of Art. In portraiture she shows best, and Madrazo is her leading man. His pencil has delicacy and spirit, and his works are highly pleasing.

And now we enter upon this middle and noble hall, where the riches of the French school commence their development. That process is carried out through the rest, residue, and remainder of the building, with a profusion and a variety, for which but too many of our British artists have been, we apprehend, unprepared. Every branch of Art finds its representative amongst the 1867 paintings which are here collected—from the full-sized sacred subjects of the veteran Heim, which have been withdrawn from the church-walls which they have long illustrated, down to the exquisite *morceaux* of gentle comedy, with which Meissonnier renders invaluable his miniature vehicles: from the acres of battle-field, upon which the ambition

of Vernet must deploy itself in panoramic battalions, to the thorough artistic cabinet canvas whereon Decamps, in sublime obscurity of detail, depicts the rout of myriad Cimbrians. Here, too, every mode of effect may be found illustrated, with no common mastery,—from the seemingly reckless dash of Delacroix, to the feminine yet effective delicacy of Hamon. To institute an impartial yet truthful criticism of the host of clever works which are here marshalled would be a task of no ordinary labour, which at the present moment we happily are not called upon to undertake. Let us then, simply state, in order that it may be unequivocally understood, how thoroughly the French committee, entrusted with the management of this cosmopolitan review of Art, determined that the merits of their own schools should be exemplified and understood, the names of a few favourite artists, and the number of their works displayed upon these walls. They are Lehman, 21; Vernet, 22; Gudin, 25; Delacroix, 35; Ingres (to whom an entire saloon is devoted), 40; Decamps, 45. From six artists, 188 pictures! In sculpture, 354 French works are exhibited; Austrian, 86; British, 74; Belgian, 28; Prussian, 53.

Need we say, then, in terminating this notice, that to consider this "*Exposition Des Beaux Arts*" anything in the nature of a true competition, in which the relative merits and position of the different schools of the civilised world or of Europe, to go no further, may be fairly ascertained, upon equitable comparison, would be a most delusive error. In the almost total absence of the great German fresco-painters from its muster,—in the exclusion of works of our British men of genius, who have belonged to the era, but have ceased to live, move, and have their being on its stage, in the comparatively inadequate evidence, tendered and admitted, of the powers of those whom we still recognise as our leading spirits, to come to any other conclusion would assuredly neither harmonise with the spirits of olden Olympus, of mediæval chivalry, or of modern prosaic justice.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

PARIS.

We presume—though it is far from certain—that by the time these pages are in the hands of the public, the contents of the beautiful edifice in the *Champs Elysées* will be in something like order and arrangement,—so far, indeed, as to enable the visitor to form an idea of what it will ultimately contain. Our second visit to Paris, at the commencement of the last month, furnished us with little to say concerning progress towards completion; the workmen's hammers still echoed through every part of the building, in the labour of erecting cases, hanging draperies, and putting things into what seamen call "ship-shape;" but it will take a considerable time to effect this object, for it is evident that at present there is no heartiness engaged in the work: the manufacturers themselves, and the men they employ in the building, seem equally indisposed to exert themselves, while the managing committee, instead of urging the contributors to expedition, and aiding them by well-directed advice and judicious arrangements, have performed their duties so unsatisfactorily that a very general impression prevailed in Paris that the government intended to take the conduct of the exhibition into their own hands, in order to avoid absolute failure. When we last visited the building the English departments, especially those connected with the gold and silver, glass, stone-ware, steel and iron works, made a goodly show; the stalls of the manufacturers of textile fabrics were in a forward state, and we believe their

owners only waited till the dust created by the workmen had somewhat subsided to put them in complete order. The East India Company make a gorgeous display of oriental productions in ivory, embroideries, &c., arranged in true eastern fashion; these contributions make a splendid show, but they are of little service, as matters of study, to the European manufacturer.

The Prussian department, varied in its contents, looks well in its finished state; while the Austrian contributions, rapidly proceeding towards arrangement, include many objects of beauty and excellence, some of which we hope to engrave hereafter. But our single sheet of engravings this month is a commentary on the backward position of matters in the Paris Industrial Exhibition, for it is a fact that up to the time when it was essential to go to press, we could not collect sufficient materials, of such objects as we should choose to illustrate, to make up a second sheet: we therefore propose to supply the deficiency in our next, or some succeeding part.

There is a space marked off for America, but there was little or nothing in it when we were there. Belgium appears to have forwarded a goodly assemblage of her productions; carpenters and porters, however, were too busy with the packages to enable us to say much concerning their contents, though we saw some well-sculptured chimney-pieces and furniture. Holland, Switzerland, and the other minor European states, were scarcely visible. The contributions of Canada will be chiefly confined, as they were in our own exhibition, to her agricultural productions. Speaking of these, we may remark that the building intended for the reception of the machinery and natural produce was rapidly receiving its contents; it extends for nearly a quarter of a mile, parallel with the Seine, from near the *Place de la Concorde*; it was not open to the public on our recent visit.

The French manufacturers are undoubtedly the most in arrears, except in the silk, velvet, and ribbon departments; the glass cases containing these look remarkably rich, and are just what we should expect from the men of Lyons and St. Etienne. A few of the Paris furniture-makers are beginning to show, but the majority are still in preparation; so are the jewellers and goldsmiths, some of whom will not be ready till the middle of July; in short, all who go to Paris for the purpose of seeing the Exhibition before that time will be disappointed, if they expect to find it in anything like a state of completion. But the Exposition of the Fine Arts, which we have elsewhere spoken of, will of itself well repay the journey.

What the Palais de l'Industries will appear a month or two hence it is almost impossible to say now; we do not by any means anticipate ultimate failure—the French government will take care to prevent that—but it certainly will never be what we expected; mistakes have been made in its general arrangement which cannot now be rectified: for instance, there is a huge glass structure, a sort of miniature light-house, and a multitude of other objects of large dimensions, extending the length of the central avenue, which completely intercept an effective view of the whole interior on the floor; there is no point from which one has a fine *coup d'œil* of the general contents of the building; this, perhaps, is unavoidable, from the limited size of the edifice compared with the glass palace in Hyde Park. Several of the French manufacturers also complained to us of the spaces and positions allotted to them, and these complaints our own observation showed to be founded on fact; in some instances there was not room to exhibit the articles with effect, and in others the articles were badly placed; for example, costly objects of gold and jewellery, and delicate works of *virtù* and ornament, are placed near the entrance doors, where it is almost certain they will be overlooked by the majority of visitors anxious to get into the centre of the building. The letter of our Paris correspondent, of a later date than our own visit, speaks in similar terms of the dissatisfaction expressed by the French contributors. But we must close our remarks for the present, and wait the result of another visit to

lay before the reader our general impression of this undertaking.

On the 2nd of June, the price of admission, which had previously been five francs—rather a price of *exclusion*—was reduced to one franc; but we have not heard that the same favour is granted to the visitors of the picture-gallery, the entrance fee to which was also five francs. We believe, however, that the price demanded for admission to the Exhibition of the Industrial Arts was made so high purposely to keep out the masses of the public, whose presence would have greatly interfered with the labours of the workpeople.

OBITUARY.

JOHN WILSON.

MR. JOHN WILSON, landscape and marine-painter, died at the residence of his son, Briarly House, Folkestone, April 29, 1855, at the patriarchal age of 81 years. He was born August 13, 1774, in the town of Ayr, and apprenticed, at the age of 14, to Mr. John Norie, house decorator, &c., Edinburgh. Soon after the completion of his apprenticeship he took a few lessons in oil-painting from Alexander Nasmyth (father of the celebrated P. Nasmyth), which constituted the only instruction he ever received in the profession of which he afterwards became so distinguished an ornament. About 1796 he took up his abode at Montrose, where he continued, teaching drawing, &c., for nearly two years, after which he travelled to London, and was engaged as principal scene-painter at the different metropolitan theatres. In the year 1810 he married a Miss Williams, whose amiable and affectionate disposition made the painter's hearth a cheerful and happy one; he survived his lamented partner twenty-four years, and often dwelt upon her many virtues with feelings of great emotion and tenderness. While he was employed at Astley's, he sent two pictures to the exhibition of the Royal Academy (at Somerset House); both of which were favourably hung, and speedily found a purchaser in Mr. John Farley, who afterwards spoke with pride of his having been "the first to discover the merit of John Wilson." About the same date Mr. Wilson was one of the successful competitors for premiums offered by the British Institution for "the best painting of 'The Battle of Trafalgar';" and he had also the good fortune to dispose of his picture to Lord Northwick, who became, for many years, one of the artist's staunchest friends and most liberal patrons. Mr. Wilson was a honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy, as well as one of the founders of the Society of British Artists, Suffolk Street, and although many, with much less claims to the honours of the Royal Academy, "forgetful of their first love," migrated and were admitted into the Academy, he was contented to abide by the fluctuating fortunes of the society he had assisted in establishing, and continued, until his death, one of the most important contributors to its annual exhibitions. The name of Wilson has ever been a proud one in the annals of British Art, since the painter of the "Niobe" made it famous, and long as

"Britannia shall rule the waves,"

or

"Her sons shall love the sea,"

the works of John Wilson will never want admirers. As a marine painter, in his "palmy days," he had no rival, for none so thoroughly understood the various moods of the ever-changing element, or could render its rolling restlessness so truthfully, whilst the raciness of his execution, and his exquisite eye for colour, added a peculiar charm to the creations of his pencil. He had a fine feeling for poetry, and might almost be called a living edition of Burns, his countryman and acquaintance, whose poems he recited, as those only could recite them, who warmly and deeply felt their beauties; Shakespeare, Pope, and Scott were also especial favourites—in fact, there were few British Poets with whose works he was not familiar, and which he could not quote with a perfect appreciation of the text. Kind, generous, and affectionate, in all the relations of life, few men have left behind them recollections more endearing, than the subject of this brief memoir. Yet, although Art, in his death, may mourn the loss of one of her most valued votaries, it is gratifying to know that his "mantle" has fallen upon one (in the person of his son) whose talents will still enable us, whilst boasting of "British Artists," to continue to rejoice in the name of John Wilson.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

Sir T. Lawrence, P.R.A., Painter. R. Graves, A.R.A., Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 8 in. by 1 ft. 4 in.

LAWRENCE was essentially a "court-painter;" dignified in person, of graceful address, and elegant even in the style of his Art, he was precisely the man to find his way into palaces, and become the favoured artist of kings, princes, and nobles. He has been termed a flatterer of the great; such, however, is not a just opinion of Lawrence, who, it may be presumed, acted upon the advice of Reynolds, "not to fall into the vulgar error of making things too like themselves." "Gifted with a genius refined as it was extraordinary,"—so wrote many years ago an anonymous critic—"embodied in a form and countenance beautiful and captivating, caressed by the women, and flattered by the men," his career was a continued series of triumphs, such as have fallen to the lot of few painters, ancient or modern. In his female heads he was unrivalled, and though, happily for the moral character of our sovereigns, his pencil was not employed as was Lely's by Charles II., no painter ever preserved such a gallery of "court-beauties," as did the accomplished Lawrence. His male portraits are far less to our taste; they are brilliant, but are tinged with a sort of effeminacy which the painter knew not how to avoid; elegant, but deficient in the expression of that "stern stuff" of which men are presumed to be made. This failing struck us most forcibly when passing through the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle, a few months since. It was some years since we had seen the range of pictured celebrities—kings, warriors, and statesmen, which hang on the walls of that noble apartment, and we could not avoid remarking to a companion in the later visit, in what a masterly style the late John Jackson would have treated some of these subjects—Jackson, whose pencil was so firm, vigorous, and yet truthful. Lawrence never seemed to be sensible of the grandeur of simplicity; his imagination was rich and copious, and he allowed it to follow the dictates of fashion, too frequently sacrificing the graces of nature to the elegancies of Art: had he been an architect he would have preferred the Corinthian order to the Doric. One is sometimes almost tempted to regret that he rose so rapidly into favour with the great; if his genius had developed itself gradually, and if, by close study and severe painstaking alone, it had matured itself, there can be little doubt he would ultimately have taken rank with the most distinguished portrait-painters of any age; as he was, his brilliancy is eclipsed by the more solid and enduring glories of Titian, Velasquez, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Reynolds, &c.

These remarks must not be considered as implying a censure of the works of Lawrence, who was indeed a painter of whom England is, and ought to be proud: we are sensible of his merits, but are not unmindful of what seem to us his defects; the former are not difficult to discover in his charming portrait of the Princess Amelia. Lawrence soon attracted the notice of George III. and his Queen, with whom he became a favourite, and on the death of Reynolds in 1792, his Majesty appointed him his "portrait-painter in ordinary." We should suppose that it was about this time that the princess sat to him; she was born in 1783. The picture seems to represent a young girl of nine or ten years of age. She was the youngest daughter of the king, who was most devotedly attached to her from her gentle disposition and amiability of character. She died, after a lingering illness, on the 2nd of November, 1810.

This portrait may be accepted as an example of Lawrence's style in his best time; it is playful in fancy, sweet in expression, and painted with very much more of solidity than we find in most of his subsequent works. It was privately engraved, we believe, many years since, by Bartolozzi, for the Royal Family; an impression of the plate is, we believe, among the works of that engraver, in the print-room of the British Museum.

The picture is in the collection at Windsor Castle.





SIR T. LAWRENCE PRA. PINXIT

R. GRAVER ARA. SCULPT.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA
FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

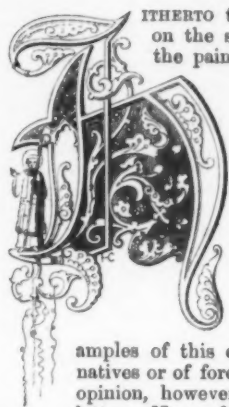
AND FOR THE THEATRE



BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. VI.—JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.



HERETO the series of notices presented to our readers on the subject of British Artists has been limited to the painters of our school: for the sake of variety, but much more for the purpose of doing honour, however feebly, to a great name in a great art, we pass on to the sculptor Flaxman.

By way of prelude to the subject, it will scarcely be considered out of place to append a few brief remarks on the state of sculpture in England prior to the advent of Flaxman, whose works exercised no little influence here on this art. Monumental sculpture seems almost alone to have been practised in this country till towards the middle of the last century; the tombs in Westminster Abbey furnish the best ex-

amples of this class; but whether these were the works of natives or of foreigners cannot now be determined; the general opinion, however, is that they were the productions of the latter. None of those ancient monuments which are entitled to

notice date later than the commencement of the seventeenth century; from this period a blank of nearly one hundred and fifty years seems to have taken place. Dr. Waagen would make it still longer, for he says, "There must have been a sad falling off of all native sculpture in England, in the eighteenth century, up to 1775, to account for the employment of such artists as the two Netherlanders, Scheemaker, and Michael Ruysbach, whose monuments in the Abbey are positive examples of the most complete dereliction of all the laws of plastic art."

The first name of any note that appeared in the last century, was that of Roubiliac, a young French sculptor, who settled in London about 1720, and acquired considerable distinction by his monumental and allegorical sculptures. Joseph Wilton, born in London in 1722, educated for his profession in France and Rome, is the next name worthy of being singled out: his tomb of Wolfe, in Westminster Abbey, ranks as his best work, though there is in it little that evidences originality; it belongs rather to the realistic school than to the ideal. Wilton was one of the founders of the Royal Academy: he died at an advanced age in 1803. Another Englishman, and a Londoner too, now rose up to sustain the honour of his country in this Art; this was Thomas Banks, R.A.; of him Flaxman said, when lecturing at the Royal Academy, shortly after his death, "We have lost a sculptor in the late Mr. Banks, whose works have eclipsed the most if not all of his continental contemporaries." Two years after the birth of Banks, Nollekens was born in Dean Street, Soho; an extraordinary man both in his art and out of it. Smith, in his life of this sculptor, gives an amusing though somewhat exaggerated account of his professional and domestic history. The reputation of Nollekens rests on his busts and monumental works, of which he executed a large number. His poetic sculptures are deficient in poetry. "His utter ignorance of classic lore," writes Allan Cunningham, "could not fail to injure his works of this order." * * * He wanted that high genius which can render marble a diviner thing than what is present in models and fragments; he could fashion a form coldly and mechanically correct—but he was unable to make it breathe of rapture and of heaven. * * * Nollekens wanted imagination, and he who is deficient in that ought to decline commissions for gods and heroes, and abide by things visible and earthly."

Singularly enough the next sculptor that rose to eminence was also a native of our great metropolis, or, at least, of a place generally included within its limits; this artist was John Bacon, born at Southwark in 1740. In him also historical and monumental sculpture had an able exponent.

It can scarcely be doubted, that Bacon held in just estimation the beauty and grandeur of the antique, and had he chosen to follow out his convictions, as Flaxman did after him, he might possibly have left a greater name behind, but not so large a fortune for his heirs. The truth is, Bacon, instead of attempting to lead the public taste, followed it, and the public could as yet only appreciate the realistic and the picturesque; and though, as Cunningham says, "he infused more English good sense into his sculpture than any preceding artist," and though some of his portrait statues, as those of Howard and Johnson in St. Paul's, are fine, and his monumental groups approach to a degree of magnificence in their arrangement and imposing attitudes, none possess a claim to the highest order of sculptured art.

These then are the chief men connected with sculpture before the appearance of Flaxman; the art, as represented by their works, offers little to the consideration of the connoisseur beyond its historic value: the genius which elevates it above ordinary conceptions and stamps it with the impress of lofty intellectual power—which can raise the human into the divine, or invest it with the attributes of purity of feeling and poetical imagination, was yet wanting to show that sculpture is in reality something more than skilful imitations of the human figure in stone or marble—that it may be made to rank with the very highest endowments which Providence assigns to man.

About the middle of the last century there was frequently seen by those who entered the shop of a figure-modeller, in New Street, Covent Garden, a pallid, weakly, and slightly deformed little boy, amusing himself either with a book or a drawing-pencil. "In a little stuffed chair, raised so high that he could just see over the counter, he usually sat during the day, with books around and paper and pencil before him, reading one hour and making drawings in black chalk another." * This child was John Flaxman, a name to be pronounced reverentially in connection with the great art with which it is allied. His father was a modeller of figures, and, when work was scarce in London, he was accustomed to travel into the country in search of employment: during one of these excursions, and while staying at York, his son was born in that city, on the 6th of July, 1755, just one century ago.

The boy evidently had an innate taste for design; a taste which the figures in his father's humble shop helped to foster, and it was probably not an unfortunate circumstance for his future triumphs, that a constitution, naturally delicate, should almost have impelled him to occupations of a quiet and sedentary character. Thus, his own personal

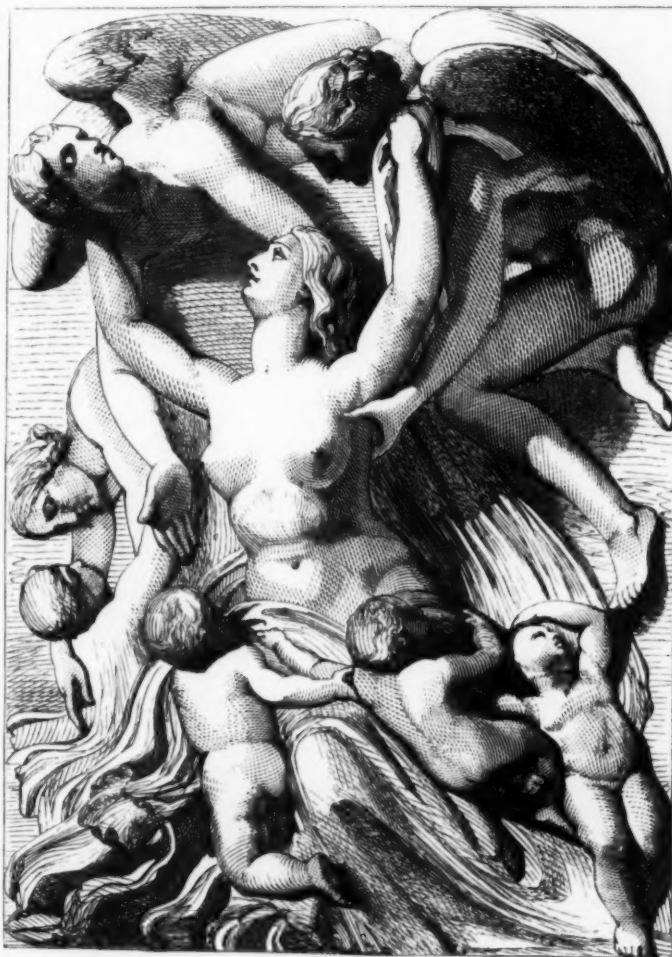
feelings, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded, combined to fix his thoughts upon one particular object. The plaster heroes and deities among which he sat, were not regarded as toys by the future sculptor; they were objects of study, desultory enough, doubtless, as his studies then were; but here was the foundation of his after success.

It is not always that early mental blossoms bring forth and ripen into abundant fruit, as they did in Flaxman: his mother, although it has been otherwise affirmed, watched and carefully tended her fragile charge: she encouraged him in his childish pursuits after knowledge of every kind, while his feeble attempts at drawing attracted the notice of many of the customers in the shop, "and as the customers of a figure-dealer were generally people of some information and taste, they could not avoid perceiving this was no common child; they took pleasure in looking at his drawings, in hearing him describe such books as he read, and in the rapture of his looks when, in their turn, they began to talk of poets, sculptors, and heroes. It was discovered too, that child as he was, he had not confined himself to the copying of figures around him, but had dipt into Homer, and attempted to think and design for himself." *

The first person, however, who practically interested himself in the boy's pursuits, was a clergyman of the name of Mathew. It often occurs to us, when referring to the early patrons of genius, how much honour men confer on themselves, even an immortality in biographical literature, by the encouragement

afforded to youthful genius: the name of Mathew is irreparably united with that of Flaxman—and what an honourable association is this—wherever the great sculptor is spoken of: it might have passed away

* Cunningham's "Lives of British Painters, &c."



THY KINGDOM COME!

in total forgetfulness but for the following circumstance, as Mr. Mathew related it:—"I went one day to the shop of old Flaxman to have a figure repaired, and while I was standing there I heard a child cough behind the counter. I looked over, and there I saw a little boy seated on a small chair, with a large chair before him, on which lay a book he was reading. His fine eyes and beautiful forehead interested me, and I said, 'What book is that?' He raised himself on his crutches, bowed, and answered, 'Sir, it is a Latin book, and I am trying to learn it.' 'Indeed,' I replied, 'you are a fine boy; but this is not the proper book; I'll bring you the right one to-morrow.' I did as I promised, and the acquaintance thus casually begun ripened into one of the best friendships of my life."

The boy at this time could not have been more than six years' old, yet even then we are told that he made a great many models in plaster, wax, and clay—rough and graceless they most probably were, but evidencing a mind that was hereafter to delight the world with the noblest conceptions of modern sculptured Art. At the age of ten he lost his devoted mother; shortly after her decease the elder Flaxman left the little shop in New Street, and opened a larger one in the Strand, and, at no very distant period, took to himself a second wife, who became a second mother to

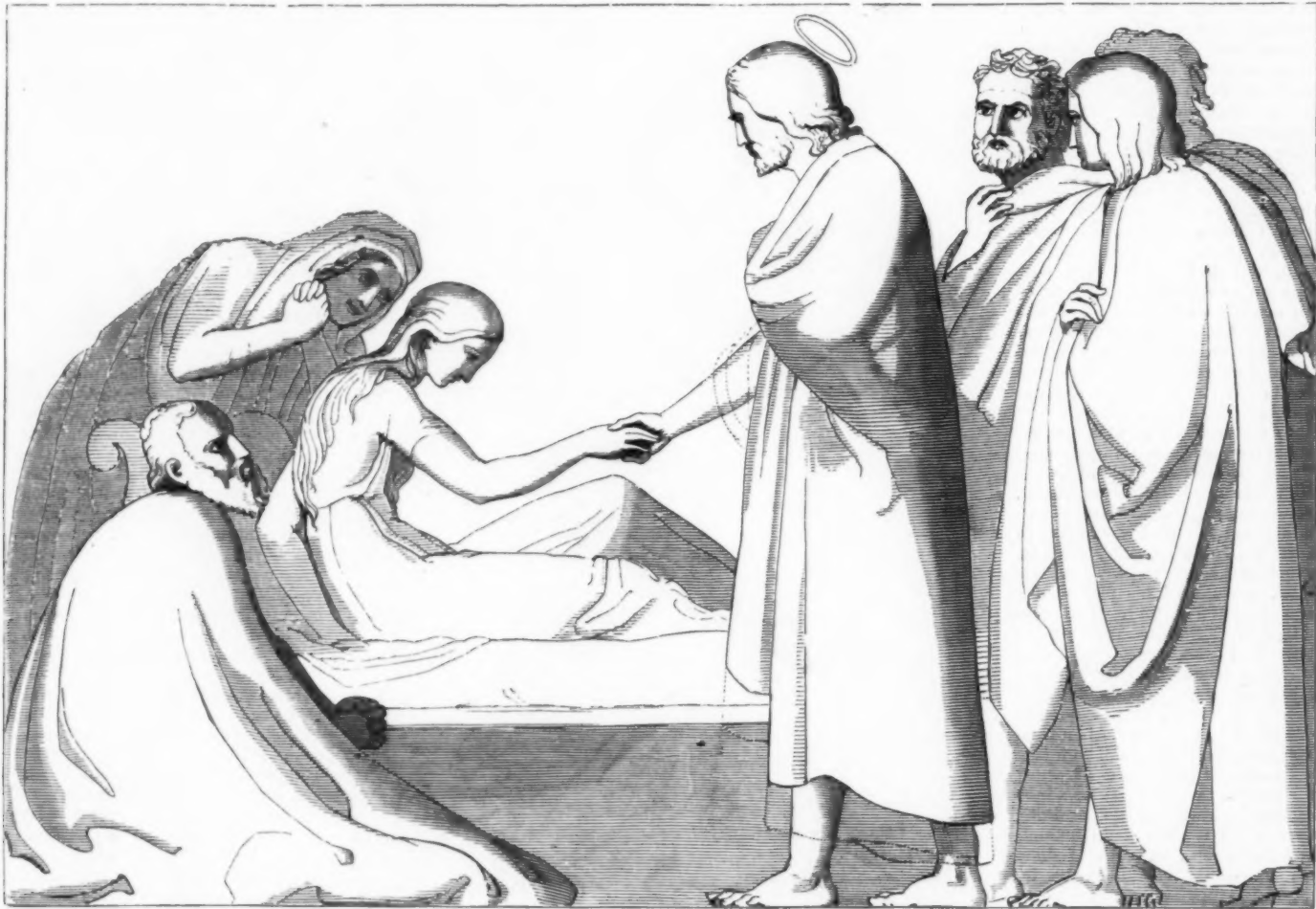
the two children her predecessor in the household had left behind. In the meantime, that is, when he was about eleven years of age, the embryo sculptor had been introduced to the lady of Mr. Mathew, a woman of taste, of accomplishments, and of fascinating person and manners. At their residence he was for many years a welcome visitor, and was accustomed to meet some of the most eminent literary ladies of those days: Mrs. Mathew, it is said, took delight in making him acquainted with the

beauties of Homer and Virgil, especially pointing out to him such passages as she deemed suited for pictorial representation, while the boy would attempt to embody them with his pencil, as well as other portions of the poet's writings, as his fancy suggested. By those kind and judicious friends he was encouraged to study the Greek and Latin languages; and although almost self-taught, he acquired sufficient proficiency to read the great poets of antiquity in their original tongues, and to be able to enter into the spirit of what Homer and Virgil had written.

Flaxman's first commission was for a series of antique designs, given to him by Mr. Crutchely, of Sunning Hill Park—we love to record the names of those who honour young genius. The drawings, six in number, were executed in black chalk, the figures standing about two feet high. The subjects are sufficiently



ADORATION OF THE MAGI.



THE RAISING OF JAIKUS'S DAUGHTER.

varied:—"The Blind (Edipus) conducted by his daughter, Antigone, to the Temple of the Furies;" "Diomedes and Ulysses seizing Dolon as a Spy;" "The Trojans lamenting over the dead body of Hector;" "Alexander taking the cup from Philip, his physician;" "Alcestis taking leave of her Children, to preserve the life of Admetus, their father;" "Hercules releasing Alcestis from the Infernal Regions, and

restoring her to her Husband." These drawings brought considerable praise to their author; and, perhaps, helped to confirm his intention of becoming a sculptor; in fact, to have aimed at anything else would have been absurd—nature and circumstances fixed his destiny.

His first step was to enter himself, in 1770, as a student of the Royal Academy, which had then been instituted about two years; he was fifteen

when he entered, and his first exhibited work, a figure of Neptune, in wax, appeared in the same year. His health had greatly improved by this time, and his constitution became more vigorous, so that he was able to apply himself assiduously to his studies, and he gained the reputation of being a diligent and attentive student. "His small slim form," writes Cunningham, "his grave and thoughtful looks,—his unwearied application and undoubted capacity, won upon the hearts of all who watched him, and he began to be spoken of as one from whom much was to be expected. His chief companions were Blake and Stothard: in the wild works of the former he saw much poetic elevation, and in those of the latter that female loveliness and graceful simplicity which have given his name a distinguished place amongst the worthies of art." Whatever opinion Flaxman had of his own talents—and there are few men of genius unconscious of the gifts they have, though they need not necessarily, and do not generally, elevate the possessors into conceit and self-sufficiency—it was his misfortune to meet with a rebuke in the competition for the gold medal of the Academy: he had obtained the silver medal soon after his entrance. His opponent was a fellow pupil, named Engleheart, whose name has passed into oblivion; yet to him Reynolds, the president, assigned the meed of honour, notwithstanding the students, almost without exception, had given their unbiassed verdict in favour of Flaxman. The disappointment was great, and he could not refrain from tears at the result of the award; they were the natural overflowings of a mind extremely sensitive, and of the consciousness that justice had been denied him. Mortified, but not dispirited, he resumed his studies with even more assiduity than ever; he felt that if life and health were spared the hour of triumph would eventually come. In the meantime, however, necessity compelled him to devote the greater portion of the day to what would now be considered by many artists the drudgery and degradation of their profession, though Michael Angelo and Raffaele felt it no dishonour to make designs for the ornamentist, and the genius of Cellini was engaged upon cups and flagons. Flaxman's father was unable to afford him pecuniary assistance during his early years, and so the young sculptor maintained himself by modelling and designing for the potters, especially for the Wedgwoods, in the day



THE ASCENDING SPIRIT.



ZEPHYRUS AND AURORA.

time, while his evenings were passed in designing from the antique, and from sacred history, varying these occupations occasionally with working at a bust of some friend. Moderate as was the remuneration which he received for his labours, it was amply sufficient for his purposes; he never toiled for wealth; he was no trading artist, who valued his works in a mercantile spirit for the gold they would realise to him. Of reclusive habits, and entirely free from ostentation through the whole course of his life, he had an utter disrelish of all superfluities and expensive amusements. Even when he had attained to eminence, and was in comparative affluence, and when "his funds would

have proved a passport to the most brilliant society, he continued to distinguish himself by perfect simplicity in his habits and mode of living, equally remote from affectation on the one hand, and a spirit of penuriousness on the other." The fact is, Flaxman was a Christian in the highest sense of the term; and, as such, he remembered and felt the truth of the scriptural remarks:—"Godliness with contentment is great gain,"—"for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." "He was a pure and a pious man," says Cunningham; and being such, the name of Flaxman may be added to the long list of great men whose lives and actions go to prove that the adoption of the truths of revealed religion are not unworthy of the highest order of human genius, and are no obstacle to worldly advancement and worldly fame."

The years of Flaxman's life passed on with but little variation till he had reached twenty-seven—in 1782: during the last ten years he had exhibited at the Royal Academy thirteen works, of different kinds, all in plastic material: he had not yet ventured on marble. In 1782, he quitted his father's house in the Strand, engaged one in Wardour Street, Soho, and what was a more important step still, took to himself a wife, in the person of Ann Denman, to whom he had been long attached, and who was in every way suited to him; amiable, accomplished, possessing a taste for art and literature, a proficient linguist, and, above all things, an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. "She cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondency, regulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy, arranged his drawings, managed now and then his correspondence, and acted so in all things, that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them together into one flesh and one blood." Reynolds, one would presume, would have interdicted the union had he been able; at any rate, he thought Flaxman guilty of the greatest imprudence. Meeting him one day shortly after the event:—"So, Flaxman," said the President, "I am told you are married—if so, sir, you are ruined as an artist." Sir Joshua made as great a mistake here as he did when he awarded the gold medal to Flaxman's competitor; the union was not only most felicitous, but it seemed to give an additional

stimulus to the sculptor's exertions, which, within the next five years, included a fine monument to the poet Collins, now in Chichester Cathedral; another in Gloucester Cathedral, to the memory of Mrs. Morley, who, with her infant son, perished at sea; another, personifying the passage, "Come ye blessed," in memory of Miss Cromwell; and a group of "Venus and Cupid," for his early friend and patron, Mr. Knight, of Portland Place, London.

But we must pass on to the next eventful epoch of this illustrious artist's life. "Ann," he said to his wife, on the day when Reynolds had made the ill-natured observation on his marriage, "I have long

thought I could rise to distinction in Art without studying it in Italy,

but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left: and to show him that wedlock is fit for a man's good rather than for his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of Art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." His wife willingly acceded to his wishes; but their determination was kept a secret from every one, nor did they seek assistance from any quarter, determining, in their mutual independence of mind, that their own resources should meet the expenses of their journey. Five years, however, elapsed ere their care and frugality had accumulated funds sufficient for the object. It was evident he expected to be absent a considerable time, for he sold all his works off ere he left England in the spring of 1787.

What the feelings of this ardent and enthusiastic artist must have been on arriving at Rome, may be imagined but not described. In the midst of the glories of ancient sculptured and pictorial art accumulated in that vast museum, his mind must have expanded while it revelled in the magnificence spread around him. All that the conquests and the luxuriance of the old Romans, all that the wealth and power of the most sumptuous and sensual ecclesiastical establishment that ever existed, had gathered together, he found ready for his admiration and study. But Flaxman saw, as Cunningham rightly thinks, that the great artists of Italy had fallen into extravagance and error in their aims to interpret the doctrines of the Romish church through their art, and that he might serve the Protestant religion by a far different application of the resources of art. Such was the feeling with which his subsequent efforts were imbued, whenever the subject demanded or would admit of its display—a feeling inspired by the simple yet beautiful truths of revelation.

But his residence in Rome could not be for the purpose of study only: his finances would not permit this; and he was compelled to labour for the means to enable him to remain where he was; and moreover, he was obliged to make his own inclination subservient to that of his patron. His first labours were directed to a series of designs from Homer for Mrs. Hare Naylor, consisting of thirty-nine from the "Iliad," and thirty-four from the "Odyssey." This set of designs, for which he received about fifteen shillings each, elicited the highest praise from the public both at home and abroad; they were engraved in outline by Piroli, Moses, and Blake: the copyright of this work is now the property, we believe, of Mr. H. G. Bohn, the enterprising publisher.

Flaxman's name was now famous; and when this is the case with an artist he generally finds patronage: he executed for Mr. T. Hope, the author of "Anastasis," a charming group, in marble, of "Cephalus and Aurora," the figures of a small size; and the Countess Spencer gave him a commission for a series of designs to illustrate Æschylus.

These designs, thirty-six in number, have also been made public through the engravings by Piroli, Moses, and Howard. The work is also in the hands of Mr. Bohn. The character of these compositions is based on that of the ancient sculptures, and they are worthy to be classed with the Homeric series for simplicity and grandeur of conception. Flaxman received one guinea each for

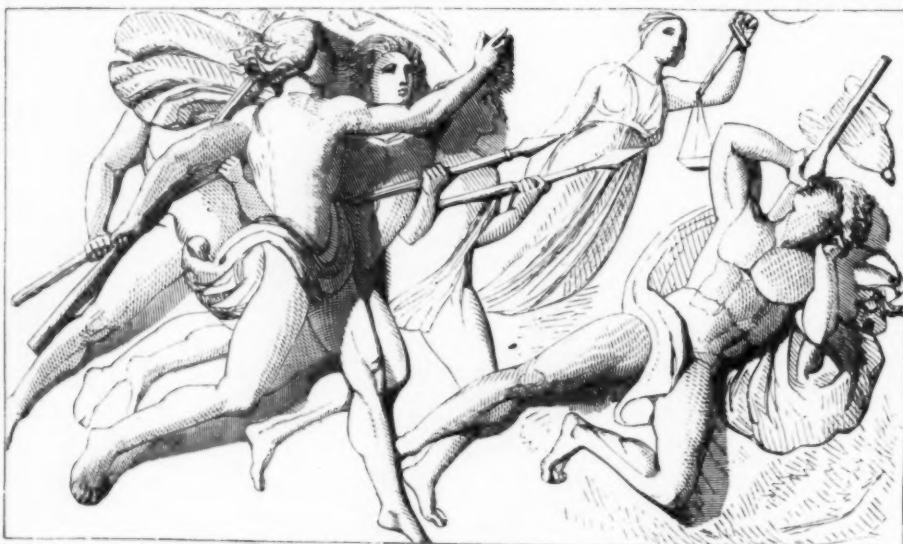
them; a paltry remuneration for such works of genius. His next patron—the term seems strangely misapplied, for patronage generally infers liberality towards the employed—was the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry: for this titled dignitary of the church he engaged to execute a group of four figures, larger than life; the subject "Athamas," from Ovid's "Metamorphoses;" the price at which the artist agreed to execute the work was six hundred pounds—scarcely more than a second-rate sculptor of the present day would receive for six ordinary busts. The group was finished—paid for to the exact sum—not a shilling more—and was sent home to the bishop's seat at Ickworth, in Suffolk. "Flaxman," says his biographer, "must have lost some hundred pounds by this piece of patronage."

The next grand series of designs executed by him was another commission from Mr. T. Hope: it consisted of one hundred and nine subjects from Dante's "Divina Commedia;" namely, thirty-eight from the "Inferno," the same number from the "Purgatorio," and thirty-three from the "Paradiso." Flaxman's imagination appears to have revelled in the marvels and beauties of this extraordinary poem; here he was less shackled in his adherence to the antique than in the subjects from Homer and Æschylus, consequently we find in them greater variety of fancy and greater originality, arising from his being thrown more on his resources, and less on the recollection of what others had done before him. For these designs Flaxman received one guinea each.

Seven years had now been passed in Italy, not quite without pecuniary profit, and certainly not without advantage in his studies and to his reputation, for he had been elected a member of the Academy of Florence. But he thought it was now time for him to return home; hither then he came, took a house in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, and at once commenced his labours on a work for which he had received a commission while in Rome, a monument to the Earl of Mansfield, who died in 1793. This monument was erected at the sole expense of A. Baily, Esq., at the cost of 2,500*l.*: it is placed in Westminster Abbey. "In this work," Dr. Waagen says, "the friend of English Art may joyfully hail the dawn of sculpture again in this country. The great judge, seated in his robes, proves that Flaxman was ready and able to adopt a realistic conception wherever it was appropriate; while the arrangement and execution of the figures of Wisdom and Justice show that correct plastic feeling which had been so long neglected in England. In the condemned youth, prostrate on the ground, all the warmth of feeling and spirited originality of the artist is displayed. The execution, alone, is not so perfect as could be desired." This last observation applies to the majority of Flaxman's sculptures; they are deficient in the delicacy and the mechanism of his Art. When Banks—who with Bacon and Nollekens were at this time in the plenitude of their renown—saw the Mansfield monument, he remarked to a friend, "This little man cuts us all out." A series of designs made about this period, and presented to his wife as a birthday gift, must not be suffered to pass over unnoticed; they represented the presumed adventures of the "Knight of the Burning Cross," and are full of a rich poetical imagination, conveying a profitable lesson upon the Christian virtues.



"DELIVER US FROM EVIL."



A DESIGN FROM "PARADISE LOST."

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In 1797 Flaxman was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, when he sent to the exhibition of the year three subjects, in bas-relief, from the New Testament—one of which, the "Raising of Jairus's Daughter,"* is here engraved—and the monument, also a bas-relief, erected in the chapel of University College, Oxford, to the memory of the distinguished oriental scholar, Sir William Jones. Three years afterwards he became a full member of that corporate body, to which he presented his group of "Apollo and Marpessa."

Our allotted space permits us to allude briefly to the sculptured works which he executed during the next ten or twelve years: his best are decidedly those of a monumental character; his religious feelings entered deeply into his compositions of this nature, which generally had some scriptural reference. Thus in the monument for the family of Sir Francis Baring, in Micheldean Church, Hampshire, are three subjects suggested by the "Lord's Prayer;"—"Thy Kingdom Come," "Thy Will be Done," and "Deliver us from Evil;" two of these will be found among our illustrations: the last is one of the grandest of modern conceptions. In the monument in memory of Mary Lushington, in Lewisham Church, Kent, he embodied the words "Blessed are they that Mourn." Other works of a nearly similar character are the monuments of Countess Spencer, Mrs. Tighe, the poetical writer, of some members of the Yarborough family, and of the Rev. Mr. Clowes, of St. John's Church, Manchester.

His most important historical monuments are those erected in St. Paul's Cathedral in honour of Admirals Nelson and Howe, but the genius of the sculptor did not shine conspicuously in works of this kind; his mind had little sympathy with the deeds of warriors, and it therefore added no laurels to his own Art, and reflected back none of those won by the valiant men whose deeds he was called upon to commemorate. Of his statues of distinguished persons, that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in St. Paul's, takes the first place; others worthy of high commendation are those of Sir John Moore, in bronze, at Glasgow; of Pitt, in the town hall of the same city; and of Joseph Warton, Burns, and John Kemble; nor

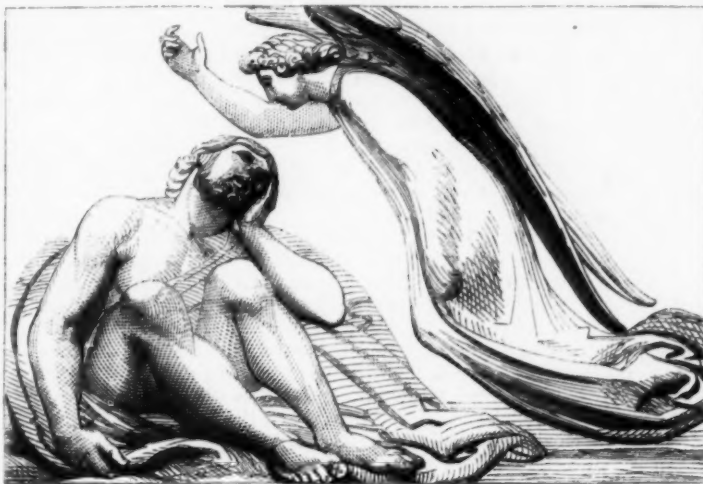
must his works erected in our East Indian dominions be forgotten—the statue of the Rajah of Tanjore, the monuments to the Marquis of Cornwallis and the missionary Schwartz; the statues of the Marquis of Hastings and of Warren Hastings.

In 1810 the Royal Academy came to a resolution to appoint a Professor of Sculpture; the post was at once offered to, and accepted by, Flaxman. The lectures he delivered while occupying this position were attended by a numerous auditory, and elicited universal approbation from his hearers, though from his unimpassioned manner of delivery and the absence of such glowing language as his subject might have prompted, they lost much of their interest as public orations: but they read well.

There is still another class of the works of Flaxman which, as yet, has been scarcely alluded to—his ideal sculptures: these were mostly executed during the latter portion of his lifetime. His group of "The Archangel Michael vanquishing Satan," engraved in the *Art-Journal* four or five years since, is a grand conception, not unworthy of the best days of sculptured Art; the "Mercury and Pandora," also engraved in the *Art-Journal*, modelled from one of his designs from Hesiod, is exquisitely graceful: his statues of Michael Angelo and of Raffaele, the "Psyche" and the "Apollo as a Shepherd," all evidence the poetical feeling that pervaded the sculptor's mind. But perhaps, after all, there is not one of Flaxman's conceptions—though it must not be classed with the

works now spoken of—which so well marks the high order of his genius, as the "Shield of Achilles," modelled for Messrs. Rundell & Bridge, and executed by them. This work, from the engraving by Freebairn, is too well known to every lover of Art to require description.

In 1820 Flaxman lost his wife, the beloved partner of his joys and his anxieties for thirty-eight years: the bereavement was irreparable to a man of a disposition so constituted as his was, and to one then advancing towards his seventieth year. He survived her only six years—years of mental gloom and lethargy—and died after a short illness on the 7th of December, 1826: his body rests in the churchyard of St. Giles-in-the-



THE ANGEL APPEARING TO ST. PETER.



ADAM AND EVE.

Fields: a purer spirit than we believe John Flaxman's to have been never left the earth.

We feel this to be a meagre history of so great and good a man: the mere narrative has so grown upon us as we wrote as to leave no space for reflection upon him or his works, though a page or two would not

suffice to sum up his excellencies as a man and an artist. In both characters he was an ornament to his country, and a model for all whom God has endowed with gifts beyond their fellows. "Flaxman, Sir," said an artist of eminence to Allan Cunningham, "is inaccessible to either censure or praise—he is proud but not shy—diffident but not retiring—as plain as a peasant in his dress, and as humble as the rudest clown, yet all that unites in making up this remarkable mixture of simplicity and genius—and were you to try one other ingredient, may I be hanged if you would form so glorious a creature." There is a statue of him, by his pupil, M. T. Watson, in University College, where also is the large collection of Flaxman's models and drawings, presented by his relative, Miss Denman.

* The drawing from which our engraving is made was kindly lent to us by Mrs. Briscoe, the lady of J. Ivatt Briscoe, Esq., of Fox Hills, Surrey. It was made for Mrs. Briscoe by Flaxman, as a suggestion for the monument to her sister, subsequently executed in marble by the great sculptor, and placed in the church of Chertsey, where it now stands. Mr. and Mrs. Briscoe were among the most esteemed friends of Flaxman, and possess some of his most interesting letters.

ON THE FADING OF PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.

PHOTOGRAPHY has arrived to such a point of excellence, and is now applied to so many very useful purposes, that it is to be regretted that any question upon the permanence of the pictures should have arisen. Certain, however, it is, that many of the best photographs which have been produced within the last two or three years, have either entirely disappeared, or are rapidly fading out. Many of the photographic publications, of the continent especially, some of which I have in my possession, quickly gave indications of decay, which is certainly increasing; and some of the works of our best photographers, show by the loss of well-defined sharp lines, that the evil is at work, and that shortly a blank sheet alone will remain of the charming pictures which were originally produced. An inquiry as to the cause of this has been instituted, at the instigation of H.R.H. Prince Albert, by the Photographic Society, and with a liberality which shows his devotion to the photographic art; his Royal Highness has placed fifty pounds at the disposal of the committee to whom this inquiry has been entrusted. It is well known that her Majesty and the Prince are much devoted to the Art of photography. Not merely are they purchasers of the best photographs, but his Royal Highness is himself a photographer. Having observed that many of the pictures in the extensive collection in the palace are fading out, Prince Albert at once determined on investigating the cause of this, and on enlisting a committee of practised photographers to examine the subject. The committee appointed consist of Dr. Percy and Dr. Diamond, with Messrs. Delamotte, Hardwick, Pollock, and Shadbolt. This committee have very properly issued a circular requesting information, and specimens from all those who may have practised photography for any time. Thus, they will be enabled to arrive at some valuable results, which could not otherwise have been obtained for many years. Having heard fears expressed as to the permanence of photographic pictures, and having learned that the sale of these productions has been seriously affected, by an increasing opinion that they are not capable of being rendered quite permanent, I am induced to offer a few remarks on this subject, the result of fourteen years' experience, with the hope of checking a prejudice which must, if not corrected, act most prejudicially on photography. At once and decidedly I must express my opinion,—that, when *properly prepared*, A PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE WILL NEVER FADE. *The fading of a photograph only marks the want of care on the part of the photographer.*

This assertion depends upon hundreds of experiments, made with productions which were amongst the earliest of the examples of fixing with the hyposulphite of soda, the personal gifts of Sir John Herschel, and of others, by Hill & Adamson of Edinburgh. Mr. John Fox Talbot's photographs fixed with common salt, the bromide of potassium, and the hyposulphite of soda, have also been the subjects of observation. Photographs prepared by Mr. Towson and myself in 1841 and 1842, with the works of Mr. Owen and many of those gentlemen who were practising the art eight and ten years since, have been tested in various ways. The experiments consisted in suspending the photograph with and without glass, in a room exposed to the full influence of sunshine, and under the effects, at one period, of the humid

and saline atmosphere of Plymouth and Falmouth, and subsequently to that of the metropolis, a similar set being preserved in portfolios. In some examples the pictures rapidly disappeared, in others they resisted all the influences of light and moisture for years. But few of the actual pictures on which the experiments were made exist, as most of them were very inferior productions, compared with those with which we are now familiar. Some of Mr. Talbot's, of Mr. Owen's earliest works, of Hill & Adamson's pictures made in 1844, and a few others, however, now before me, have endured full exposure for many years, without any change in their original degrees of intensity. Everything depending on the chemical condition of the material on the paper forming the picture, a few remarks on this subject will be necessary.

Scheele* determined by excellent experiments that nitrate and chloride of silver became when darkened, pure metallic silver in a state of fine division. I have long since† recorded my conviction, and given the experimental evidence upon which that conviction was founded, to the same effect. Some chemists of eminence have disputed this, and are disposed to regard the darkened salt as a sub-chloride of silver.‡

The following experiment of Scheele, upon which I have founded many others, appears convincing on this point.

"I mixed so much of distilled water with well edulcorated horn silver as would just cover this powder. The half of this mixture I poured into a white crystal phial, exposed it to the beams of the sun, and shook it several times each day; the other half I set by in a dark place. After having exposed the one mixture during the space of two weeks, I filtrated the water standing over the *luna cornua* grown already black; I let some of this water fall by drops into a solution of silver, which was immediately precipitated into horn silver."

In the last edition of my "Researches on Light" I have placed in the clearest manner of which I am capable, all the experiments on this subject before the reader, and to these I would refer the chemical photographer. One or two experiments confirmatory of that of Scheele I am, however, disposed to quote. "Pure chloride of silver was prepared with great care, well washed with boiling distilled water, until neither nitrate of silver nor muriatic acid produced any precipitate, and then dried. Five grains of the salt were put into a long test tube full of distilled water, and placed in the sunshine to darken, the powder being frequently moved that every part might be acted upon by the sun's rays. It was found even after an exposure of a few minutes that the water contained chlorine; it became opaque on the addition of nitrate of silver, and this very gradually increased as the chloride darkened. The darkening process was continued for several hours, after which the solution was filtered to free it from chloride of silver, and nitrate of silver added to the filtered solution; this precipitated chloride of silver, which, when collected, dried, and weighed, gave 1.4 grains on one occasion; 1 grain on another; and 1.5 on a third trial. From this it is evident that chlorine is liberated during the process of darkening.

"The exposure in water was in another case continued for several days; no greater

* "Chemical Observations and Experiments on Air and Fire," by Charles William Scheele. Ed. 1780.
† "Researches on Light," 1st ed., 1844; and 2nd ed., 1854.

‡ Consult Mr. Hardwick's excellent little work, "A Manual of Photographic Chemistry."

degree of darkening occurred, but a curious fact was noticed. It was found that during the night nearly all the chlorine which had been liberated during the day was recombined, and that the darkened powder became lighter.

"In these experiments the presence of organic matter had been carefully avoided. It now became necessary to inquire into the condition of the chloride of silver darkening by the solar rays on paper. Bath post paper, highly glazed, was coated with chloride of silver in the usual way, all free nitrate of silver being washed off. The paper was exposed to sunshine for forty-eight hours, in which time it had passed to a fine olive brown metallic colour. The paper was now cut into pieces; some parts were immersed in very dilute nitric acid, which produced no change; others in ammonia, which had not the slightest effect upon them: therefore it was evident that no oxide of silver was present. On putting fragments of the paper into nitric acid diluted with equal parts of water, all the darkened portion was rapidly dissolved off, and the paper was left of a lilac colour. Hence we have very satisfactory proof that metallic silver is eventually formed on the surface of the chloridated photographic papers, and that the under sensitive surface is preserved in the condition of a sub-chloride of silver by the opacity of the superficial coat."—*Researches on Light*, pp. 78-80, 2nd edition.

The liberation of iodine from the iodide of silver has been proved by similar sets of experiments to those on the chloride. Whether the experiments have been made on the daguerreotype plate, on the calotype paper, or on the ordinary chloridated paper, the results have proved the same; in all cases, chlorine, iodine, bromine, have been liberated. It is quite true that after a brief exposure to sunshine, ammonia will remove the darkened surface of paper, showing that the first change is the formation of an oxide of silver, the oxygen substituting the chlorine, as it has been shown it will do by M. Dumas. This oxide of silver is rapidly reduced;—even precipitated oxide of silver soon parts with its oxygen, under the powerful agency of the solar rays.

The fading of pictures has reference to the positive pictures, it rarely happens that the negatives suffer. Now, on the positive picture we have the images formed by finely divided metallic silver, and, of course, before the picture is fixed, there is much undecomposed chloride of silver on the paper. Sir John Herschel taught us in 1849 to employ the hyposulphite of soda as the only really permanent fixing agent. "The use of the liquid hyposulphite for fixing the photographic impression, in virtue of the property which they possess, and which was I believe, first pointed out in my paper on those salts in 'Brewster's Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine' (1819-1820), of readily dissolving the chloride and other combinations of silver insoluble in the generality of menstrua."—*Herschel*.

If photographers had attended faithfully to the first directions of Sir John Herschel we should not now be hearing of fading photographs. It is therefore of moment to give in his own words the directions of him who did so much for the philosophy of photography, as to make us regret that he so soon abandoned the investigation.

"If the paper be muriated or prepared with other insoluble argentine compounds—it is to be washed in water containing a little salt, which is beneficial by removing the silver (free nitrate of silver) as fast as abstracted from the paper. This first

washing greatly diminishes the sensitiveness of the photograph to further impressions of light, and if merely nitrated, destroys it entirely if the paper be thin. If otherwise, it may be considered as half fixed, and may be preserved, and occasionally inspected in feeble lights, till convenient to fix it completely. *To do this it must be thoroughly dried, and then brushed over very quickly with a flat camel-hair brush dipped in the saturated solution of the hyposulphite, first on the face and then on the back.* This, having remained on it till the paper is completely penetrated with it, must be washed off with repeated and copious effusions of water aided by a soft sponge, with a dabbing motion, often turning the picture until the liquid comes off without the slightest sweetness. The photograph is then fixed, and may be dried and put by; but to make it secure it is best to repeat the process, and if the paper be thick even a third time."

This is the essential process for rendering the photographs perfectly permanent. There is, however, another paragraph, which, although it applies especially to negatives, has a most important bearing upon the perfection and permanence of positive photographs.

"The hyposulphite of soda and silver being liable to spontaneous decomposition, accompanied with separation of silver in the state of sulphuret, it is necessary to be very careful in washing away the very last traces of this salt, especially if it be intended to use the photograph for re-transfers, in which case a deposition of sulphuret within its pores is fatal, since it renders the paper unequally opaque. It is for this reason we recommend to apply the *hyposulphite concentrated and quickly*; since if it be not in excess at every point of the paper, the deposit of sulphuret takes place at the first contact, and can never be got rid of."—*Philosophical Trans.* 1840.

It is usual, at present, to soak the pictures for many hours in a large quantity of water, the water being several times changed. The water is to dissolve out the soluble hyposulphite of soda and silver. Of course the first water removes the most, and each successive portion removes less and less from the paper, but still some; and even the last portion may be regarded as a very dilute solution of these salts. From this the photograph is taken and dried, with some hyposulphite adhering. This and this only is the cause of the fading of photographs. Too little attention has been given to the fact that paper, like linen, has the power of holding, by the exercise of a force peculiarly energetic in all porous bodies, salts in solution with a remarkable tenacity. Mere soaking in water is insufficient. Mr. Fox Talbot uses and recommended the application of boiling water, and even two or three washings in boiling water, to overcome this. Mr. Malone called in, with much effect, the aid of a chemical agent, caustic potash, to remove the last portions; but nothing answers so thoroughly as the *dabbing* motion of a sponge, as recommended by Herschel. In my "Popular Treatise on the Art of Photography," published in 1841, I have especially insisted that the photograph should be placed upon an inclined plane, adown which a small stream of water has been allowed to flow, and that the sponge, as recommended, should be applied. The mechanical action thoroughly frees the salt from the paper, and the water carries it at once away. When this plan is adopted, a photograph is rendered as permanent as a print from an engraver's plate, and I believe the records of to-day might thus be handed

down to those who will succeed us upon this earth of ours.

It should not be forgotten that a photograph made by intense sunlight, although not darker than one produced by long exposure in dull weather, appears to have penetrated more thoroughly into the paper, the chemical change has gone on to a greater depth, and consequently the picture is actually, to a certain extent, self-fixed. This may be proved by the action of corrosive sublimate. In one case it will scarcely attack the photograph, in the other it readily removes the picture.

The phenomena attendant on the fading of photographs are curious, and have not yet been thoroughly investigated. All pictures begin to fade by the giving way of the edges of the darker objects, and especially of those which are near the borders of the paper. The cause of this, in all cases, I conceive to be the presence of minute quantities of the hyposulphites, or sulphites, both which are liable, if present, to act slowly but surely upon the pictures, especially when assisted by the combined influences of atmospheric moisture and light. In using old hyposulphite of soda, containing as it does silver in solution, a pleasing colour is produced by the formation of a sulphuret of silver, which is, in combination with the metallic silver of the picture, liable to quick decomposition. Hence we find that nearly all pictures which have the peculiar tone which is due to this practice are very liable to fade. Concentrated and fresh hyposulphite of soda alone should be employed. If a picture which has a tendency to fade be placed in the sunshine, covered with three differently coloured media, such as red, blue, and yellow glasses, it will generally be found to darken under the yellow, and bleach under the blue glass. With many pictures very decided indications of colour, corresponding with the colours of the media respectively through which the solar radiations have permeated, will be found upon the paper; the yellow being produced by the formation of a metallic bronzy surface after the darkening has reached its maximum; the red results from a similar action. In both these cases it appears that the rays act to produce the revival of the metal more perfectly than is effected by the first action of the sunshine in producing the photograph. That the molecular arrangement should be such as to impart the power of reflecting differently coloured rays is not a little remarkable. It is only at a certain point that blue is produced upon the paper; the first action is to change the ordinary brown colour of the photograph to a peculiar iron black, which soon changes to an indigo or blue colour, and then speedily gives way, fading rapidly until all is obliterated.

Many of these slow changes, which take place in photographs imperfectly fixed, are well worthy the study of all who are interested in the science of the subject. Amongst the most remarkable are the changes which a peculiar kind of picture, produced by a process of my discovery, to which I gave the name of "the chromotype," undergoes. The chromotype picture is obtained by preparing paper with a salt of chromium and of copper, which is, after the image is fixed upon it, washed over with a solution of nitrate of silver. The picture is then brought out by the formation of the bright red chromate of silver. There is great difficulty in giving permanence to these pictures; indeed, it can scarcely be said that they admit of absolute fixation, since the chromate of silver fades under the ordinary atmospheric influences, but it fades to revive

again, by penetrating the paper and appearing on the back. Usually the face of the photograph becomes covered with a fine film of metallic silver, and then the image slowly redevelops itself on the back, becoming more and more perfect with time. Having redeveloped itself strongly, the face begins again to clear itself up, and eventually a picture appears on either side of the paper, of tolerably uniform intensity, which is, I believe, permanent. I have some pictures which I have kept for many years without change. Unfortunately, in this slow chemical action, influences which would otherwise have lain dormant in the paper are developed, and peculiar spots and irregularities are formed which disfigure the image.

It is to be hoped that some of these phenomena will now be investigated by the committee of the Photographic Society. That society has not hitherto engaged in any scientific investigation. There is no doubt but its exhibitions and its meetings have materially tended to the improvement of photography as an Art: but the Science of the subject has now for some years lain dormant. Let us hope that the liberal and enlightened act of the Prince Albert may turn the attention of the society to a set of investigations of the utmost importance, and of the highest interest to all. Photography is now made available to many important ends, but its usefulness is still capable of much extension, when its physical phenomena are properly examined. Depend upon it, there is, to use a French form of expression, a *future* for photography, which far exceeds the dreams of its sanguine admirers.

ROBERT HUNT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE RESCUE," BY W. MILLAIS.

SIR,—Possessed with, as it appears, the romantic idea that the perfection of pictorial Art was measured by the correctness with which it represents nature in her varied moods, I found myself studying the much-talked-of picture, "The Rescue," in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. Beyond question, the artist has selected a very difficult subject upon which to try his powers. The dramatic interest of the picture is well sustained: there is a painful reality in the expression of the group. Mr. Millais desired to convey to the mind the anxious moment when impatient agony has given way before a flood of heart-empowering joy; and the eager mother clutches her appalled children from the arms of the fireman who, with cool courage, has torn them from the flames which have been threatening to involve them. To other critics I leave all this: there is, however, one point which has been left unnoticed, as far as I know, and, as that point is to the picture a fatal one, I have on it especially a word or two to write. The fire from which "The Rescue" has been made, could not possibly have been any ordinary conflagration: the flames that are destroying are not common flames. We must surely see before us Madame Hengler, or the wife of some pyrotechnic artist, in the attic of whose house a large quantity of nitrate of strontian has ignited, and hence the red-fire horror which suffuses itself over the group. At the Surrey Gardens, at Vauxhall, and at our theatres where melodrama reigns paramount, such effects may be seen as those in Mr. Millais's picture; but certainly not in the midst of a burning dwelling, where wood is blazing, or even the bricks incandescent. The children and the fireman are painted in a crimson glow; a considerable portion of blue colouring the red which the artist has employed. The fireman's dress is deeply black; let us remember the dress of the brigade is a dark green, and, in the midst of red-fire, this would appear a positive black, because the green surface has not the power of reflecting back red rays to the eye; in this, therefore, the artist is correct, supposing he had been dealing with monochromatic red light. My impression is, that the picture has been studied under the influence of light, which has permeated ruby-coloured glass. The carpet, however, fails even here, since the reds in it would

have appeared much more intense under the conditions; all coloured surfaces becoming more than ordinarily intense, when viewed in a light of the same colour with themselves. Now, in a burning house, the flames never produce a red glow, unless it is upon the clouds of humid vapour which float in the atmosphere above the conflagration, and then the glow is a dull red one. Flame, however intense, has an excess of yellow rays; the red rays and the blue are not so abundant as in daylight. When the flame is dull there is less of the yellow light, the red becomes more prominent, and the result is an orange reflection. If Mr. Millais will look at a man at night, sitting near a brazier of burning coals, where they are *cherry red hot*, as it is called, he will find a pure orange red glow suffuses the skin, an intense orange the white shirt, but no blue, no crimson, no pure red. If "The Rescue" is, as we suppose it to be, from a London dwelling, under charge of our fire brigade, the colour on the white dresses of the children, and the dress of the fireman are equally untrue. The first should have been more yellow than red, and the last a *yellow-grey*, the green cloth having the power of reflecting back much yellow light. Let me advise Mr. Millais, if he would study the effect of artificial light, to visit an iron-foundry, or the neighbourhood of blast-furnaces at night, when he will learn that rays other than red illuminate surrounding objects.

Yours obediently,
CHROMA.

CHURCH RESTORERS NOT ENCOURAGERS OF MODERN ART.

SIR,—Some time since, as most of your readers are aware, a worthy individual left 500*l.* for the purpose of procuring a picture for a church in Bermondsey, naming the subject. The executors being anxious to fulfil their duty, were at a loss how to obtain a picture of the description required, when upon its being casually mentioned by one of the gentlemen to an artist, he suggested that a similar plan should be adopted as in the case of architects for a building, *i. e.* to invite by public advertisement artists to send in sketches of the subject described, premiums being offered, and that the successful candidate should paint the picture. Accordingly, artists responded to the call, and the wish of the donor was fully carried out, thus giving an interest and a stimulant to historical painting. Since that time, however, I am sorry to observe that a different system has been adopted by those who profess to be the most devoted to the embellishment of our churches. No subject of Art meets with their approbation, except it partakes of symbolism, or the high cut and dry style of pre-Raphaelism. I have before me a report of the restoration of Newark Church,* in which are the following remarks:—"The fine painting of 'The Raising of Lazarus,' by W. Hilton, R.A., which had been presented by him to the church, occupied the position of altar-piece, and had superseded pictures of Moses and Aaron of more ancient date, which in their turn had been preceded by a white plastered background, on which were found, in bold black letter, with red initials, the Ten Commandments, of a date supposed to be shortly subsequent to the Reformation." * * * "In the chancel a new reredos, in Ancaster stone, of beautiful design, has replaced Hilton's picture, which has found a suitable (?) resting-place in the north transept." On the foregoing, I have only to remark whether, on the removal of the picture, the restoration of the Ten Commandments would not have been more congenial to the canons of our Protestant Church, than the beautiful reredos of a semi-papistical school of church restorers. I have again to allude to another affair done by the church restorers. At Maidstone, about the end of the last century, Mr. Jefferies, a worthy inhabitant of the town, painted and presented to the church for an altar-piece, "The Last Supper," a very appropriate subject for such a situation. It was a most creditable performance for a provincial artist, but certainly not a specimen of the pre-Raphaelite school, yet it commanded a degree of respect and veneration in the thoughts of those who approached the chancel to partake of the Holy Communion. This picture has also been removed, and where placed I cannot say, as it is not visible in the church. I hope, however, the present incumbent will order its restoration to its former place, and by so doing show some degree of respect for the liberality and devotion of a former donor to the sacred edifice.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A CHURCH CONSERVATIVE.

* In "The Midland Counties' Historical Collector," for June, 1855, published by T. Chapman Browne, Leicester.

SCENERY OF THE STAGE.

THE PRINCESS' THEATRE.

To Mr. Charles Kean, and his management of the graceful little theatre in Oxford Street, the public are very largely indebted: not only for the enjoyment, but for the instruction which may be derived from the acted drama. He is a man of judgment and taste, as well as ability: one is sure to see nothing offensive there; in his estimable lady he has a valuable ally: success has warranted expenditure: his "company" is well-formed in all its parts: and in minor pieces, as well as in more important plays, his arrangements are ever skilful and judicious. The result is that visitors to his theatre depart always satisfied—often with delight, and frequently with astonishment. Our more immediate business, however, is with the scenery of his theatre, and the accessories which give it force and effect. For several years past, he has been gradually improving it. Many of the dramas produced by him have been a series of admirable pictures,—accurate in costume, true in principle, and excellent as paintings. The artists, under the superintendence of Mr. Grievie, seem to labour in harmony, and this fact is apparent even in all the less important details of the management; the machinist and the costumier obviously work under the direction of a master-mind. A visit to the Princess' Theatre is an intellectual treat, and an instructive lesson which, to the young especially, may be of enduring value.

The latest of Mr. Kean's productions is unquestionably the best; there is but one opinion as to the manner in which he has produced the splendid pageant of "Henry VIII." Throughout it is well acted,—from the representative of Wolsey, and the charming and touching personification of Queen Catherine, down to the yeoman of the guard; not only is there nothing wrong, but everything moves gracefully, and in its proper place to its proper purpose: every trifle seems to have been studied as an essential portion of a great whole.

The visitor is carried back into the sixteenth century: the dresses from that of the monarch to the messenger are exact: the buildings are exhibited precisely as they were: one sees "Old London" and its populace: its courtiers, its people, and its priests, as at the time when "the Defender of the Faith" laid the corner stone of the Reformation in England, and gave a fatal blow to the unholy power of "the Church." To read a score of volumes and examine a hundred paintings and portraits of the time would be less instructive, as regards the manners and customs of the period, than a single evening passed at the Princess' Theatre, to witness the performance of Henry VIII.

Mr. Kean wisely took advice from "authorities": thus, Mr. Planché advised on the costumes, Mr. George Godwin on the buildings of the period, while in Mr. Shaw was another valuable ally. They are responsible for the "truths" represented: and the thanks of the public as well as of Mr. Kean are due to these gentlemen—both of whom are sound and safe critics in the important departments they undertook to superintend.

Our space will not permit us to enter into particulars: but we imagine this magnificent pageant will be visited by all who can estimate what is excellent in Art and valuable in the acted drama. The cost must have been immense, although there is no evidence of idle expenditure for mere display. The stage, small as it must be, appeared large enough for the numerous processions—the dances—and especially the banquet—judicious contrivances adding to its actual size. In short nothing is wanting to render this drama a perfect piece of Art: while some of the scenes have certainly never been equalled on the stage—that especially in which the spirits descend to console and comfort the broken-hearted Queen.

We rejoice to know that public appreciation has rewarded Mr. Kean: and that it will encourage him to persevere in his wise and useful course—arresting the downward progress of the drama and rendering it renowned even in its decadence.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

GATE OF THE METWALEYS: CAIRO.

D. Roberts, R.A., Painter. E. Challis, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. by 2 ft. 3½ in.

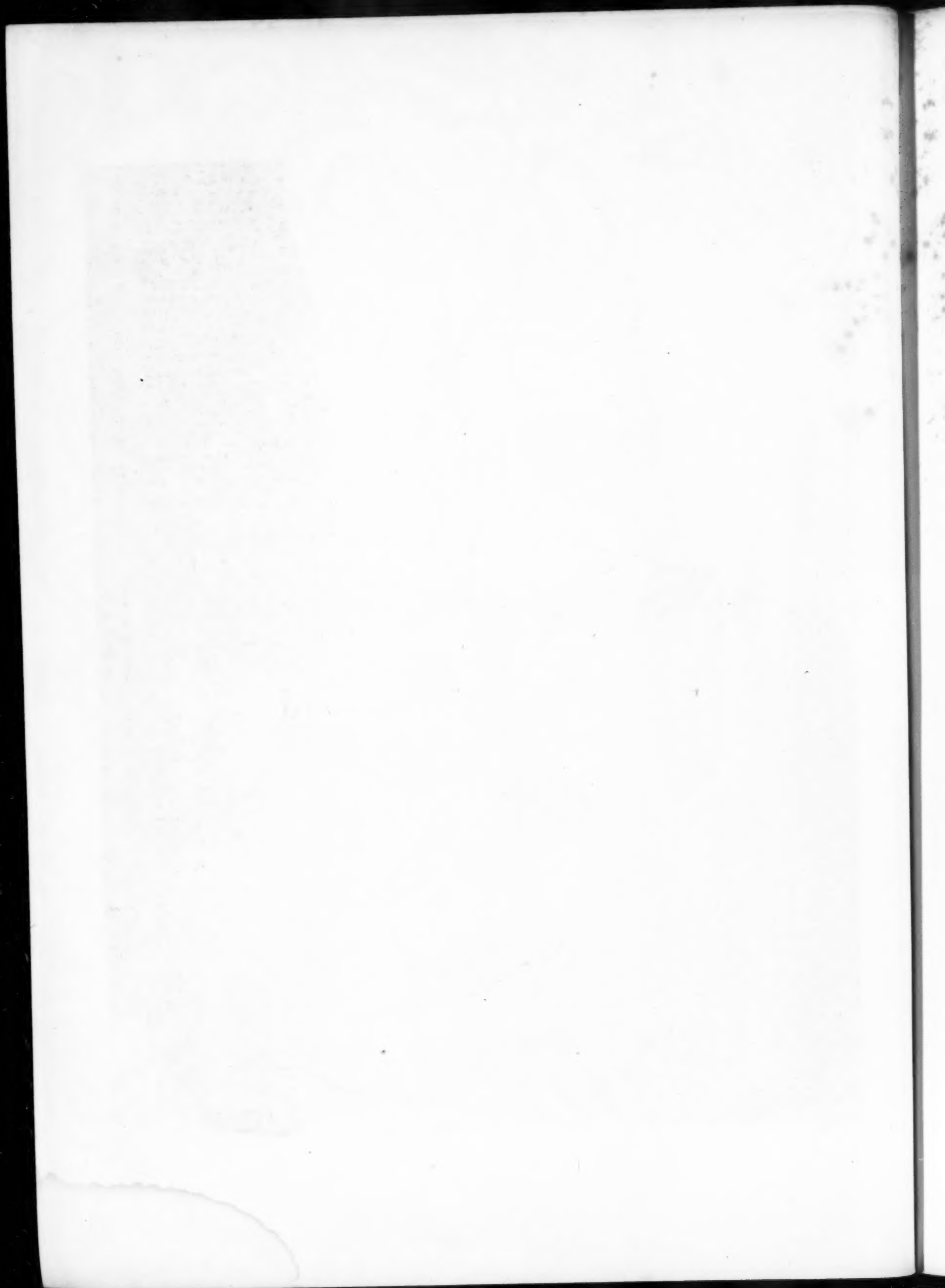
MOORISH, or Byzantine, architecture—as it exists in Mahomedan countries, as well as in many parts of Spain, where it was introduced by the Moors—has supplied Mr. Roberts with some of the most interesting subjects for his pencil. Its picturesque character, though fanciful and capricious, heightened as it frequently is by colour, peculiarly adapts it for pictorial representation. Deficient as it is in those qualities of simplicity combined with grandeur which distinguish the architecture of the Greeks, in the graceful and classic ornamentation of Roman edifices, and in the imposing magnificence and richness which are found in the best examples of Gothic architecture, it has been called the "most poetical and fairy-like" style of building, and certainly owes its origin to a people at once luxurious, refined, and imaginative. It seems to be undefinable by any strict rules, while it is evident that consistent principles of taste have guided the Moorish architects, who have marked it by an unmistakable national *physiognomy*.

The finest examples of this style of building undoubtedly exist now in Spain, whither it was brought in about the ninth or tenth centuries; for though the Moors had possession of a considerable part of the country early in the eighth century, it can scarcely be supposed they found occasion or opportunity for any other tasks than that of securing their conquests and enlarging the sphere of their dominion. The cities of Egypt and Turkey, however, still retain many notable specimens of their ancient glories, of which the "Gate of the Metwaleys at Kahira," or "Cairo," as it is called by us, is one.

In Mr. Roberts's beautiful work "Egypt and the Holy Land" is also a view of this gateway, taken, we think, from a point considerably nearer the arch. It is singular that though we have consulted many voluminous publications on Egypt, in English, French, and German, in the British Museum, we have been unable to discover any reference to this locality; but in the text accompanying Mr. Roberts's work, we learn the following particulars respecting it. The gate was built in the reign of the Caliph El Mutansir, about the year A.D. 1092: it is not situated in the walls of the city, but is one of those within it which serve as a communication between one part of the city and another, and are so placed as to divide Cairo into quarters or districts; and thus they furnish the government with the means of cutting off from the rest any division which may be in a state of insurrection. It stands between the fine minarets of the Mosque of Gámá El-mueiyad, called also the Mosque of Bab Zuweyleh, and of the Metwaleys; the latter a devout Saint, or Wallee, who is supposed to visit the spot mysteriously, and from which it has acquired its most popular name. The subject is one highly interesting from its picturesque character.

The mosque, a portion of the walls of which appear to the right of the picture, was built by the Sheik El-Mahmoodie, who removed the towers of the gate, and erected the ten beautiful minarets which flank it, A.D. 1414. The steps in the foreground lead to the principal entrance, and lamps are suspended from the beam that hangs in front of the portal. The street, like most of those in Cairo, is narrow, and unpaved; on one side is a row of shops—if rooms about six or seven feet high, and four or five feet wide are worthy of being so called—and on the other a row of stalls, even under the shadow of the Moslems' religious temple. The rude but picturesque construction of the balconies to the windows and houses, the awnings and sheds over the shops, and the raised floors on which the dealers sit, are in striking contrast with the massive walls of the mosque, and the beautiful forms of the minarets. The long line of streets leading from the citadel to the Bab en Nasr lies through the Metwaleys gate, and the great caravan of the pilgrims to Mecca pass beneath it to leave the city by the "Gate of Victory."

The picture is in the collection at Osborne.





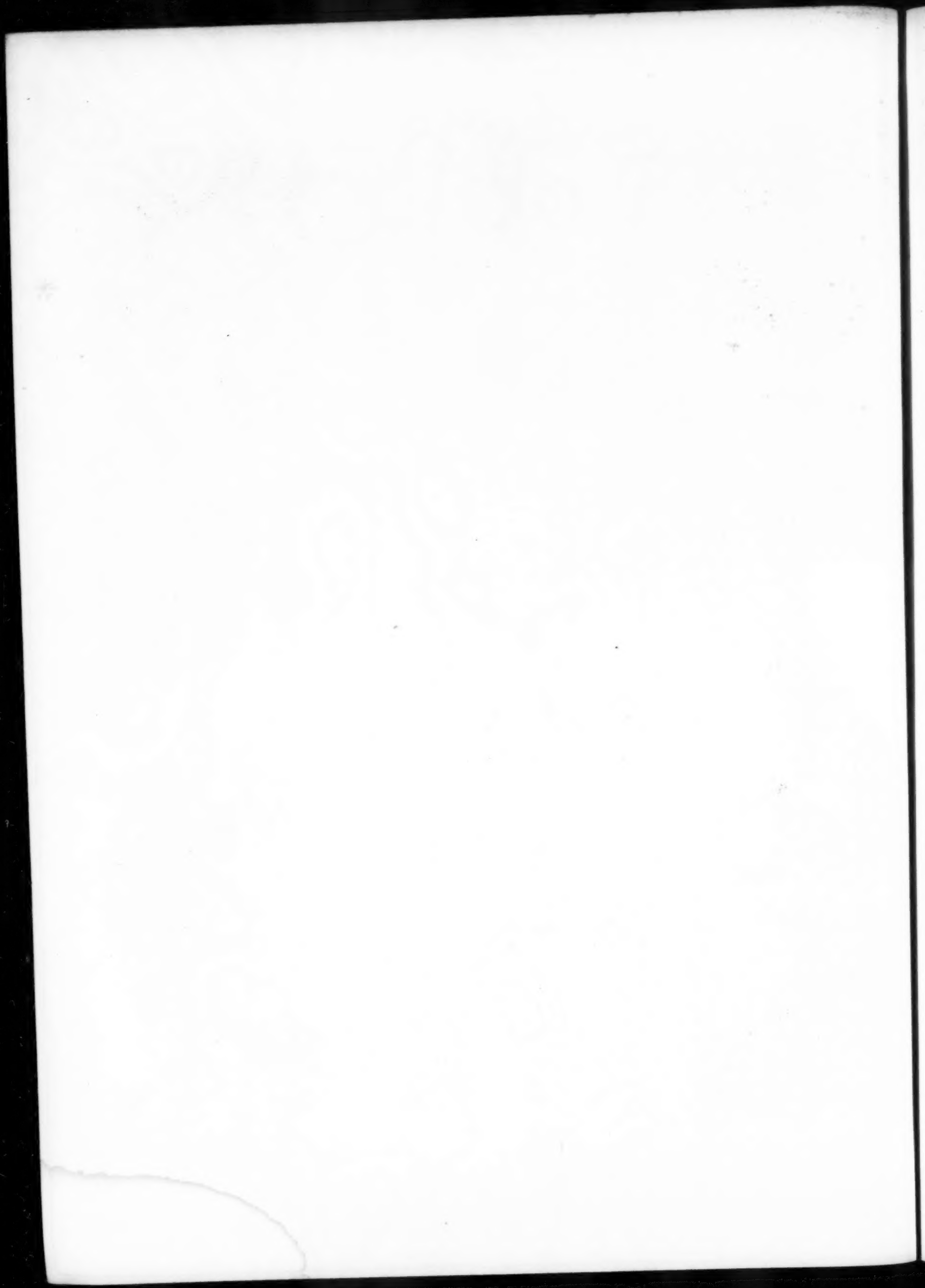
D. ROBERTS, R.A. PINX*

E. CHALLIS, SCULPT

GATE OF THE METWALEYS — CAIRO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

PRINTED BY J. H. COOKE, 15, N. B. ST. LONDON.



THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE collection of ancient masters was opened to private view on the 9th of June with a catalogue of 165 pictures, among which are contributions from her Majesty, the Dukes of Sutherland, Wellington, Bedford, the Marquis of Westminster, the Royal Academy, &c., &c. The works which are the property of her Majesty are groups of portraits, both by ZOFFANY, one No. 118, 'Queen Charlotte, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York'; the other, No. 122, 'The Princess Royal, and the Duke of Clarence,' both valuable works and worthily in style and costume exemplifying the tastes of their day. There are in the exhibition many famous and well-known works, but no single one of pre-eminent distinction as we sometimes find there. The two CLAUDES, 5 and 7, both the property of the Duke of Wellington, are different in feeling—one is warm, the other, 'Porta di Ostia,' is fresh in colour and the better picture of the two. No. 4, 'A Landscape and Figures,' by CUYP, the property of the Duke of Bedford, is a picture with a middle-toned foreground opposed to a very luminous distance. The simplicity of the treatment is most agreeable. Cuyp himself appears as a sketcher in the foreground. No. 8, 'A Landscape,' by VANDERNEER, from the collection of the Earl of Caledon, seems to be another view of the subject in the National Gallery, but by no means so effective; certain passages are too cold, apparently painted with some very crude green, as verdigris, a colour all but unmanageable in landscape. No. 10 is 'The Duke d'Olivarez,' by VELASQUEZ, the property of Col. Hugh D. Baillie, and No. 11, also by VELASQUEZ, entitled 'Portrait of a Spanish Gentleman,' the property of the Duke of Wellington. The difference between these two works is very remarkable, the former being the portrait of a grandee, Velasquez has refined it into repulsive hardness, but the latter, only the portrait of a gentleman, is beyond all praise. No. 16, 'A Landscape and Figures,' by BOTH, belonging to Lord Shaftesbury, is a warm picture finished with infinite nicety of detail. No. 17, 'St. Cecilia,' by CARLO DOLCE, and the property of the Duke of Portland, presents a contrast to the Carlo Dolces in the collections of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. It is softer and less cold, he seems to have been looking at Domenichino. No. 20, another VANDERNEER, 'A Scene in Holland,' contributed by Lord Shaftesbury, is a most accurate and minute study from a given locality, with a canal running into the picture; but too much is sacrificed to breadth, and those rules of pictorial effect which so many connoisseurs admire without being able to explain. No. 24, 'Scene on the Ice,' J. OSTADE, Lord Dartmouth, is a valuable work, and No. 25, 'The Flight into Egypt,' by SCHOOREEL, is one of those eccentric blue distance pictures, of which we see so many in the nameless collections in the Low Countries and Germany. No. 21 is a head of TINTORETTO, painted by himself, and belonging to Lord Elcho; it is simple, earnest, and life-like, with a beard somewhat shorter than those portraits of him at Florence and Venice. No. 28, another BOTH, the property of Miss Bredel, a sylvan subject with some well-drawn trees in the foreground, altogether a production of much excellence. No. 32, by VANDER HEYDEN, 'View of a Town,' Lord Caledon, is a small picture equal in microscopic finish to the best works of the painter. No. 40, 'Exterior of a Dutch House with Figures,' by DUSART, H. T. Hope, Esq., is remarkable for that fine surface which distinguishes only works of eminent artists; it is charmingly managed as to chiaroscuro. No. 42, exhibited by Miss Bredel, is a 'Landscape with Figures and Cattle,' by BERGHEM. It is small, romantic in composition, and like all Berghem's works looks as if brought together piecemeal: yet he is the most captivating of all those who play tricks with light and shade. No. 45 is a 'Landscape,' by VELASQUEZ, the property of Mr. Wynn Ellis; nothing in principle like his 'Prado Boar Hunt,' nor his Wellington Aquarius, (for the principle of a landscape may be the principle of a figure picture) nor anything that we know to be his: nor like No. 47,

'Portrait of Himself,' also belonging to the Duke of Wellington, though we do not find him here the sword-girt cavalier that he appears at Florence. No. 49 is 'An Old Woman and Boy by Candle-light,' RUBENS, the property of Lord Faversham, and a very celebrated production, much admired by Sir Thomas Lawrence: but it has been cleaned, and, we think, has lost much of that luminous glaze with which Rubens finished all his pictures; at any rate, if it were glazed it would be more Rubens-like than it is now, all-beautiful though it be. We come to BARTOLOMEO MURILLO—two pictures—52, 'A Legendary Subject,' Lord Elcho, and a 'Portrait of himself,' from the collection of Lord Spencer. No. 52 is a large picture, representing a monk receiving bread from angels,—simple in treatment, but of great power; the portrait of himself is, as to the head, admirably painted, but he presents himself in an oval compartment somewhat whimsically—like Hogarth: he is not so staid a gentleman as he appears in the portrait in the Aguado collection. No. 54 is a 'Landscape,' by RUYSDAEL, from the collection of Sir H. H. Campbell. Painters have been asking Jacob Ruysdael now, the very hour we write, just two hundred years (by Haarlem clock) why he paints such gloomy scenes under a daylight sky, one-tenth of which would show colour and reflection in any similar subject. But mere connoisseurs in front of such a picture lose themselves, they know not why, in transcendental exclamations: we cannot help saying "Charming!" But we must pass to the middle room, where we are again in the society of TENIERS, MURILLO, SALVATOR, and especially of REMBRANDT VAN RHYN, and discoursing with his and Lord Derby's 'Head of a Rabbi,' like Rembrandt in everything. No. 68, by RACHEL RUYCH, contributed by Mr. Fordham, is of course 'Flowers,' thinly but sweetly painted, and wanting that ease and breadth so characteristic of modern flower-painting. No. 69, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' by GAROFALO, the property of Lord Shaftesbury, is a favourable example of early Art, before it was in anywise relieved by truth and softness. NICHOLAS POUSSIN has, with the most amiable naïveté, painted No. 70, 'The Arts inquiring of the Genius of Modern Rome, why they do not flourish as in the days of Ancient Rome.' The picture is the property of Lord Derby, and has less of colour and mellowness than Poussin's best works. No. 73 is a 'Corps de Garde,' by TENIERS, the property of Mr. Hope; an admirable production, one of those which Teniers executed in his best manner. No. 74, 'Landscape and Cattle,' by WYNANTS and A. VANDEVELDE, and the property of Miss Bredel, is a small work of exquisite sweetness and simplicity. No. 75, 'Backgammon Players,' by TENIERS, and also belonging to Mr. Hope, is a worthy pendant to No. 73. No. 77, 'The Ferry Boat,' by CUYP, is one of that painter's best works. It is from the collection of the Rev. F. Leicester. It is sparkling, full of truth, and in condition as good as if it had but a week ago come from Albert Cuyp's studio in Dort. No. 82, by N. POUSSIN, and the property of Lord Derby, is somewhat eccentric in composition,—a mixture of modern and classic architecture: we are not among those who can forgive even Nicolas Poussin anything. No. 86, 'A Sea Piece,' by VANDER CAPELLA, belonging to Wynn Ellis, Esq., is a very highly-finished production. No. 89, 'The First Sir Thomas Hanmer,' by VANDYKE, belonging to Sir H. E. Banbury, is much less glazed, less rich in colour, than we usually see Vandyke. No. 93, 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by MURILLO, the property of the Earl of Caledon, is remarkable for the care bestowed throughout upon details: the figure is nearly identical with all those painted by this artist. No. 98, 'Monsieur, Brother to Louis XIV., Going out Hunting,' painted by VANDER MEULEN, and the property of Mr. Ford, is one of those productions—and there were many of them—executed in glorification of the Grand Monarque. No. 97 is a 'Head of St. Francis,' by GUIDO, belonging to Lord Elcho, but having more of the quality of the Spanish than the Italian school. In No. 100 SPAGNOLETTO paints himself without flattery; nay, looking more "im-

pregned with miserie" than the banished lord. We had forgotten what he was like; but he certainly may be set down as one of his own melancholy men. The South Room contains many well-known examples of painters who in memory are dear to us, as JACKSON's 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' 'Miss Horneck, afterwards Mrs. Gwynne,' by Sir J. REYNOLDS, 'Gipsy Girl,' Sir T. LAWRENCE, 'The Rabbit on the Wall,' Sir D. WILKIE, and 'The Lady Mary Fitzgerald,' by the same, 'Conway Castle,' TURNER, 'A View near Bruges,' Sir A. W. CALCOTT, &c. &c., the whole constituting a collection of great variety and interest.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The fine weather has brought to Paris a large number of foreigners, and our museums and public buildings are fully visited; the new arrangement for opening the Louvre and other galleries from two until five is much complained of, particularly by those persons who have but little time to pass in Paris. The exhibition continues to be feebly supported by visitors, most of the first-rate manufacturers not being yet ready; in a financial point of view it is at present a complete failure, and with respect to space and other accommodations, complaints are made on all sides, both by natives and foreigners.—The sales of Art-works in Paris are drawing to an end; the antiques belonging to M. Raoul Rochette brought about 14,000*fr.*; several interesting specimens have been purchased for the collections of the Louvre and of the Imperial Library. The sale of Mr. Van den Zande's collection of engravings assembled a numerous company of amateurs of old rare prints. "Death's Horse," by Albert Durer, sold for 500*fr.*; Callot's "Grandes Misères de la Guerre," 401*fr.*; "A Bacchanal," by Marc Antonio, very fine, 1700*fr.*; "Holy Family," by the same, after Raphael, first state, fine, 561*fr.* The Rembrandts sold as follows:—"The Descent from the Cross," without any letters, 560*fr.*; "The Annunciation," 400*fr.*; "The Little Tomb," 301*fr.*; "The Three Trees," very fine, 1050*fr.*; "The Three Cottages," 200*fr.*; "The Canal and Small Boat," very rare, on paper of Japan, 450*fr.*; "Ephraim Bonus," second state, very fine, with the ring burnished, 1010*fr.* Of Ostade's etchings, "The Fête under the Large Tree," very fine, 279*fr.*; "The Dance at the Cabaret," 268*fr.*; "The Luncheon," 860*fr.* In another recent sale, Rembrandt's "Hundred Guilders," very fine, 2052*fr.*; "Herod's Feast," by Bolswert, after Rubens, proof, 250*fr.*; 18 prints by Bartholomew Breemberg, 300*fr.*; Goltzius's "Boy and Dog," very fine, 520*fr.*; "The Old Haaring," by Rembrandt, on Japan paper, very rare, 1050*fr.*; "Euvres de Waterloo," 118 prints, old and fine, 1060*fr.*; "The Apocalypse," by J. Duvet, 23 subjects, fine, 592*fr.*—The artists employed in engraving the medals to be distributed as prizes in the Industrial Prizes are MM. Barre, Borel, Caqué, Oudiné, and J. Wiener.—The candelabras and fountains of the Place de la Concorde have been beautified; all the principal public buildings have been cleaned, and look quite gay: when the roadway is finished in the Rue de Rivoli, that part of Paris will present a fine aspect. Several hundred houses will shortly be pulled down near the Sorbonne, to enlarge and beautify the approaches to that building and the streets St. Jacques and La Harpe.—The "Museum of Phidias," in the Louvre, has been enriched by several statues of Greek Art.—To the Musée des Souverains, in the Louvre, several very interesting reliques have also been recently added: The prayer-book (Heures) of Charlemagne, executed in 780 by the order of the Empress Hildegarde; the prayer-book of the Emperor Charles the Bald, date 842; the Bible offered in 850 to the same Emperor by the monks of the Abbaye St. Martin, of Tours; the prayer-book, psalter, and ring of St. Louis.

VIENNA.—The altar, presented by a society of ladies, and commemorative of the preservation of the emperor from assassination, has been placed in the chapel of St. Barbara, in the cathedral of St. Stephen, and although not many years have elapsed since this chapel was restored, yet a thorough repair was found to be necessary. This restoration evinces the progress of taste, for in the former renovation of the chapel nothing was done but to colour the whole of an unseemly grey colour, the removal of which is one of the earnest objects of the present embellishment, or, in other words, to restore the chapel to its pristine beauty.

NUREMBERG.—One of the oldest architectural monuments in this city is about to be erased, that is, the remains of the monastery of the barefooted

monks, recognisable in the Bestelmeyer mansion, which is about to be rebuilt. This monastery was founded by Conrad Waldstomer about the beginning of the thirteenth century. It flourished until the Reformation, when it was closed; the last of the monks died in 1562, and was buried in the choir.

BERLIN.—At the April meeting of the Medieval Art-Union, Herr Guhl read a paper on the Art-remains of the town of Navello, situated on the shores of the bay of Amalfi. He commenced with the history of this now fallen but once flourishing city, which had formerly a population of 36,000 souls, and possessed more than a hundred churches. Its foundation seems to date from the beginning of the eleventh century. The place was originally called Thorus, which still remains in the name of one of the churches, that of St. Giovanni del Thuoro. The rising importance of the town occasioned in the ninth century the revolt of Amalfi, to which was given afterwards the name of Rebellum. Herr Guhl had instituted researches so earnest and minute, that he communicated many highly interesting facts relative to the early history of these places. After him Herr Dieckhoff communicated a paper on the church of Königsberg, the history of which he illustrated by drawings, some of which, especially one of the tower, 12 feet long, were highly interesting. Herr Waagen exhibited a photograph, from the drawing by Volte, of the Greifswald tapestry, and Herr Weyde "Picturesque Views of the Roman remains at Pola, in Istria."—During the great exhibition at Paris, an assembly of archaeologists of Berlin, as well as of other places, will be held in the French capital during six days from the 26th of August. The assembly will meet at No. 44, Rue Bonaparte, and extra conveyances will be established to Chartres and Noyon for the convenience of those proceeding thither from Berlin.

MUNICH.—The re-establishment of the health of King Louis, and his return to Munich, has given occasion to a congratulatory address on the part of the Bavarian artists, in which they not only express satisfaction at the recovery of the King, but afford also an admirable example of artistic taste. The parchment on which the address was written was two and a half feet in length and two feet in breadth. Above the written address is a miniature picture by Genelli, the subject of which is "Bavaria receiving, from the hands of Hygieia, King Louis recovered, and protected by his Guardian Angel." Behind the principal figures are seen the sisters Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, congratulating their friend. In the frame of this picture are two groups of the people, who, from old to young, are rejoicing at the recovery of the King. The initial letter by Neureuther represents a choir of angels chanting the Te Deum.—Kaulbach has added to his Shakespeare series of designs, two more from "King John." In one of these is shown the declaration of excommunication, the vacillation of King Philip, the hatred between Eleanor and Constance, and the love of Arthur for his mother. The subject of the second drawing is the death of the king, and in both of these works Kaulbach sustains his high reputation.

THE NEW MUSEUM, OR PICTURE GALLERY, AT DRESDEN.

DRESDEN, named by Herder "The German Florence," has long been a favourite resort of travellers; the surrounding scenery is beautiful, the excursions in the neighbourhood are varied and easily accessible, the society is cultivated and agreeable, the theatre and the opera invariably secure the first talent in Germany, and the town abounds with collections of antiquities, sculptures, paintings, and other works of Art, which, taken as a whole, are unrivalled in any town in Europe. The grand attraction in this mine of wealth is the Picture Gallery; it was commenced by Duke George, the friend of Lucas Cranach, and added to by several of his successors, more especially by Augustus II., who made extensive purchases in France and Holland. The masterpieces, however, of the gallery, were collected in A.D. 1745, by Augustus III., a most liberal patron of the arts. He purchased the greater part of the Duke of Modena's collection, and subsequently in A.D. 1754, made the acquisition of the *chef d'œuvre* of Raphael, "The Madonna di San Sisto," obtaining it from a convent in Piacenza for a sum equivalent to about eight thousand pounds, and a copy to replace the original. In 1817 the

Dutch and Flemish pictures of Augustus III., which had for the most part remained packed up in their cases since his death, were incorporated with the gallery. In the year 1747 the pictures were placed in the upper story of a building, appropriated to the royal carriages and horses (*Stallgebäude*), where they have remained, with occasional re-arrangements to the present day. It was discovered in 1826, that these priceless works of Art had suffered so much from damp, confined air, and general neglect, that it was found necessary to bring a restorer from Italy, who spent upwards of a year in cleaning and repairing: his place has since then been occupied by Messrs. Schirmer and Reuner, two of the most efficient artists in that line in Germany, who have found up to the present time ample daily occupation for their talents. The number of pictures in the Dresden gallery amounted, according to the latest catalogue, to 1,857, to which must be added 183 works in Pastel (crayon drawings), and the small collection of Spanish pictures, purchased from the executors of Louis Philippe, the late King of the French. The works of Correggio, and the Dutch and Flemish pictures of the seventeenth century, are considered unequalled by those of any collection in Europe, and the specimens of the best period of Italian Art are superior to any to be found in Germany. I have given a short and condensed account of the history of the Dresden gallery, before I proceed to describe the new building which has been erected for its reception. With such a source of pleasure and instruction within reach, the regular closing of the gallery during the six winter months, was a most serious evil both to the cultivated inhabitants of Dresden, and to those strangers who had selected it as their temporary residence. It was, however, considered too dangerous to apply any system of heating the rooms to the old badly constructed building, and the cold of a German winter is too severe to admit of any enjoyment in a gallery unsupplied with artificial warmth. It was at last determined to erect an entirely new building, to be devoted exclusively to pictures, engravings, drawings of the old masters, and casts from the antique. Professor Semper supplied designs for the new "Museum," which were adopted, and after much discussion and considerable delay, the space adjoining the Zwinger, and close to the theatre, was chosen as the site. The Zwinger, of which the new museum forms the fourth side, is a low building, about eight hundred feet long, by five hundred broad, running round an open square: it was originally intended as the court-yard of a magnificent palace to extend to the banks of the Elbe, which was projected about a century and a half ago by Augustus II. The building of the palace was never even commenced; but the Zwinger itself is thoroughly Rococo in its style; indeed, one of the best specimens of florid French architecture I know. It has been hitherto devoted to the collections of natural history, mathematical and scientific instruments, engravings and drawings of the old masters, and to the casts of the Elgin marbles. The centre square will in summer form a very beautiful object from the windows of the new museum, as it is then ornamented with sparkling fountains, which throw aloft their refreshing showers amongst a perfect grove of magnificent orange trees.* The principal entrance to the gallery passes through this square; it is a long building of Grecian architecture, as I have said before, forming the fourth side to the square of the Zwinger, and built of sandstone. The building consists of three stories: the fine rows of windows, two of which are visible from the

* The history of these orange-trees, or at least of a great proportion of them, is curious and interesting. In the year 1730, Augustus II. sent several scientific men to Africa to make researches in the natural history of that continent. On their return they brought with them, partly as ballast for the ship, and partly in compliment to their king, who had a great talent for turning, 400 stems of orange trees, to the greater number of which some of the roots and even branches remained still attached. During the voyage the trees began to sprout, and the king determined to plant them, and give them a chance. He was fortunate in his experiment; 300 of the orange trees struck root, and out of these there remain at present upwards of 150 in full vigour.

outside, the third being concealed by a double line of stone balustrades, one raised above the other; the ground-floor is unornamented, massive and solid in its structure, with an appearance of much strength and simplicity. The first story is very beautiful and harmonious; the arches of the windows, nineteen in number, are supported by fluted columns with Ionic capitals, each window separated from the other by a pilaster, whose Corinthian capitals support a richly carved cornice, surmounted by a railing of dwarf pillars; behind this railing the wall recedes, and reveals a second stone balustrade, which extends from either end of the building to the base of the tower, and adds greatly to the general effect of the whole. The central portion of the building, which projects a little from the two wings, is by far the most highly ornamented; it is pierced by a triple archway, and supports a slightly elevated octagonal tower. The middle arch, which is considerably loftier than those on each side, is used as a carriage-way, the two others for foot-passengers: they are flanked by four fluted columns with Corinthian capitals, bearing a cornice from which, on the first story, rise four similar pillars, and resting on them another cornice, and the middle gable. The great decoration of this part of the building consists in statues and bas-reliefs by Hänel and Rietschel, the wellknown and justly celebrated Dresden sculptors. These represent on one side the Pagan, on the other the Christian world of Art, and at each end of the building the junction of the two. On the pedestals of the columns of the middle building, Theseus is seen fighting with the Minotaur, Jason with the dragon, Hercules with the Lyrnean Hydra, and Perseus bears aloft the head of Medusa, the powers inimical to man are trampled under foot and the first pioneers of civilisation appear victorious. The four elements are portrayed by figures of boys with appropriate attributes, and above them on a frieze the martial games of the ancient Greeks are performed by beautiful children. Two medallions show Prometheus and Pygmalion, the one under the guidance of Minerva forming man, the other with the help of Venus imparting a soul to his statue of clay. In the angles of the great gate-way the empire of music over animate and inanimate creation is depicted by Amphion and Orpheus, the one heaping up rocks by the power of melody, the other soothing with sweet sounds the lion crouching at his feet. On the angles of the middle window in the upper story are bas-relief portraits of Homer and Hesiod, whilst above the columns stand statues of Pericles and Phidias by Rietschel, Lysippus and Alexander by Hänel, the first artists and patrons of the most brilliant period of Greek Art: near Hesiod are bas-reliefs of the gods of Olympus, near Homer those of the heroes of Greece, the celestial figures by Hänel, the terrestrial by Rietschel; above the window are Apollo and the nine Muses. The south side is occupied by Christian Art. Niches to the right and left of the central window in the first story contain statues by Hänel of Michael Angelo and Raphael, beneath Michael Angelo are figures of Sampson and Judith, below Raphael of St. George and Siegfried. In the angles of the smaller gateways are medallions of the four Sybils, whilst two statues of Victory bear, the one a palm branch for Raphael, the other a laurel crown for Michael Angelo; a winged Pegasus soars above the statue of Raphael, and a sphynx over that of Michael Angelo. Finally at the top of the pediment are statues of Holbein, Giotto and Dante to the left, Dürer, Cornelius and Goethe to the right. The exterior of the museum is further ornamented by statues of personages taken from the old and new testaments. Those of Adam, Eve, Noah, Abraham, Melchisedek, Jacob, Moses, Aaron, Joshua, Samuel, David, Solomon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Daniel, and Ezekiel being by Hänel, whilst Rietschel has executed the figures of the Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, the four Evangelists, the Apostles Peter and Paul, the martyrs Stephen and Laurence, the saints Catherine and Cecilia; Gregory the Great, and Charlemagne, the representatives of the highest worldly power, with Godfrey of Bouillon and Frederick

Barbarossa. On the west side the story of Cupid and Psyche is given in a bas-relief with medallions representing ancient and modern Rome. On the east side similar reliefs contain the figures of Faust, and Helen of Troy with medallions of Germania and Italia by Rietschel.

We now come to the interior of the building and we here find the perfect simplicity and total absence of elaborate ornament which is alone suitable to the purposes of a picture gallery. The triple archway divides the ground floor into equal parts, that to the right on entering from the Zwinger being appropriated to the casts, that to the left to the flight of steps leading to the first story, the engraving rooms, the cabinets of pictures in pastel and others in oil, relating more particularly to the scenery about Dresden and the neighbouring town of Pirna. The space allotted to the casts is a large roomy apartment with a stone flooring and a vaulted roof supported by arches and pillars with Ionic capitals of fine sand-stone: walls are erected in different parts of the room, from one pillar to another, to form screens, in front of which the statues will stand, and thus break the cross lights. By this means more room will be gained, but I doubt much if the general effect will be improved. The walls and the shafts of the columns are coloured Pompeian red, with a broad band painted to imitate *Porta di Venere* marble running along the walls, close to the floor; the ceilings are very simple, in the usual German arabesque style, with grey and white colours. The casts of the Elgin marbles are placed at the end of the building by themselves, but I fear in too confined a space to be seen to great advantage; the room is to be connected with a pavilion in the Zwinger, where the drawings of the old masters are kept, but the communication is not yet opened. The Dresden collection of casts is a very valuable one; it was commenced by Raphael Mengs, and contains more accurate and perfect copies of the antique than are to be usually found. On the opposite side of the building, a broad and handsome staircase, supported by granite columns, leads to the upper story. The engraving room is fitted up with oak presses and tables, conveniently arranged; adjoining this room are eight cabinets, each lighted by a large window, and containing the drawings in pastel (crayons) of Raphael Mengs, the two Liotards, Rosalba Carriera, &c. and the oil paintings of Dietrich, Canale, and Canaletti, many of the latter works being very interesting as historical recollections of what Dresden was in other days. Round the entrance hall at the foot of the stairs is inserted a frieze by Knauer of Leipzig, descriptive of the history of Italian painting; it is not a work of any great merit. Hänel is occupied on a frieze, relating to the Dutch and German schools, which is to complete the *cyclus*. The staircase is well lighted, but as at each step it crosses and cuts the windows in a slanting direction, the effect is not harmonious; it leads to a small room, conducting to a long corridor, which is at some future day to be ornamented with frescoes. We have now reached the first floor, the picture-gallery *par excellence*; it is divided into three large centre rooms on each side of the cupola, one large and two smaller rooms at each end of the building, three rooms looking into the Zwinger, corresponding to the corridor at the opposite side of the staircase, and fourteen rooms occupying the length of the Museum fronting the river. The three rooms on each side of the cupola are very spacious and lofty, and lighted from the roof by windows of ground glass; those on the right to contain the Venetian pictures, whilst the Correggios will be placed in those on the left; the rooms towards the river are destined for the smaller Dutch, Flemish, and Italian paintings, whilst the extreme corner room on the left-hand side, with the beautiful view of the vine-clad hills and the winding Elbe, is to be devoted exclusively to Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto." The picture is to be adorned with a new frame, and placed (with what seems to me very questionable taste) over an altar. The light, which is excellent, comes from the side of the room, and a sofa will be placed in a corner, whence the point of view for seeing and studying the picture can

be obtained. A few rooms allotted as ateliers to the restorers, and a board-room for the committee complete the arrangements of this floor. I should not omit to say that all these rooms are hung with a watered flock paper, of full rich crimson colour, with plain gold mouldings; the floors are oak panelling, traversed at both sides through the entire length by iron gratings, bronzed, which admit the heated air to the rooms, and conceal the pipes through which it is carried; the wood-work has a yellowish tone, and is enriched with gilding. A few narrow steps from the centre of the building lead to a spacious room in the octagonal tower, placed over the regulating apparatus of the machinery for heating the apartment. The light of the room comes from above, and the walls are hung with twelve admirable tapestries, principally from designs by Raphael; they are in very good preservation, and are seen to great advantage, being set in a wainscoting of dark oak. The cupola is painted like the other ceilings, in grey, with dead gold, and allegorical figures representing the Seasons, &c. A few steps higher up lead to the cabinet-rooms on the second floor. These are, as well as I can recollect, fifteen in number, very beautifully decorated, and lighted from above; the floors are of polished inlaid oak; the paintings on the ceilings highly finished; the walls of all, except the first, which is papered like those of the floor beneath, are of Pompeian red, with gold moulding. In the first room the celebrated "Madonna" of Holbein is to be placed, and hung exactly opposite to the entrance: here will also come the old German pictures; and in the other rooms to the left the remainder of the Flemish pictures, and those of other schools, which have not been placed on the first floor. It is the great wish of the Dresden artists to see the remaining rooms to the right given up to modern pictures, which are by degrees being collected; but as yet, I understand, no decision has been come to on the subject. I have thus endeavoured to give to your readers a slight sketch of the Dresden gallery and the new museum. The building in its internal arrangements is admirable; the light is excellent; the rooms in their size and proportions; the colouring of the walls; and rich, yet chaste decorations, all that one could desire; in short, thoroughly adapted to the purpose for which they are intended; but the site chosen for the building itself is not appropriate. In the first place, it is in the centre of a town afflicted with all the evils of coal smoke in its worst form (one cannot open a window on a cold winter's day without being covered with particles of floating soot); in the second place, the museum is in its architecture unsuited to all its surrounding companions: it is a Grecian building of pure style, joined on to, and forming a part of the Zwinger, which is thoroughly Rococo in its architecture. A few yards in front is the theatre, differing from both; on one side the Roman Catholic church, in the florid Italian style, studded over with hideous statues, and joined by a little bridge to the palace, which has more the appearance of a barrack or a poor-house than a royal dwelling; and, under the shelter of this mass of incongruous and inharmonious architecture, comes the guard-house, an exceedingly pretty, simple, and chaste building in itself, but very badly placed, standing most awkwardly between the museum and the palace. The removal of the pictures was to begin on the 1st of June, and would probably last for some time; indeed, it was expected that both galleries would be closed entirely to the public until the end of September. It was proposed, and indeed the motion was carried in the lower house of parliament, that for the future an entrance fee should be imposed on all visitors to the gallery, to assist in covering the additional expenses of extra "custodés," heating, &c. This illiberal and impolitic act has, however, I understand, been unanimously rejected by the upper house of parliament. Dresden has certainly gained by its new museum; and the power of throwing it open to the public all the year round, an additional source of attraction which, I am convinced, will tempt many travellers to select it as their winter residence. J. W.

MONTI'S LECTURES ON SCULPTURE.

On the evening of the 13th of June, Mr. Monti delivered, at No. 48, Great Marlborough Street, a lecture on the rise and progress of "demotic" sculpture among the Greeks,—having already, on a previous occasion, treated of "hieratic" sculpture in its earliest forms among those nations where profane and poetic Art had as yet no place. The lecturer began by apologising for his imperfect knowledge of our tongue, and expressed a hope that he might be able to kindle among his audience a sympathy for that art, the feeling for which in himself amounted to fanaticism. He then proceeded to review the period when sculpture was limited to a system of mystic religious ciphers,—when the art was entirely controlled by ignorant and superstitious hierarchies. There was no free thought,—any approach to natural form was heresy. But the kind of Art forming the subject of the lecture arose in Greece, and in nature and truth far transcended the barbarous mysticism of those nations wherein sculpture had been mainly instrumental in enslaving instead of elevating the human intelligence. In the demotic art of the Greeks, sculpture was no longer limited to immutable forms of priestly symbolism, but it came forth a system of embodied poetry, cherished by their aspirations after liberty, and became eventually the great phenomenon of their civilisation. When the influences of commerce, and that interest which the people of Greece felt and expressed in their national institutions,—when these began to operate, they were felt within the region of Art not less sensibly than in that of politics. The Ionians and the Dorians were among the first to give a healthy impulse to sculpture; the latter imparted their tastes and feelings to the former, and by the Ionians the cultivation was more extensively propagated. In comparison with the Greek Art of even this early period, that of all other nations was dry and monotonous; but the Greeks felt deeply the beautiful,—they communicated the sentiment to other nations, and since their time they have been universally imitated wherever civilisation has taken root. The essence of Greek Art was nature, but it was expressed in poetry. Looking to nature only, the Greeks made their deities like mortals in form: they were already indebted to the Greek mythologians for human passions. The institution of the Olympic games promoted sculpture very materially: this will be clearly understood since the games themselves supplied so many subjects of interest to the people, subjects expressive of common ideas addressed to the popular intelligence. Hieratic symbols as to form and expression were arbitrary, but demotic Art was unfettered and its aim was the perfection of nature. The period of the utmost excellence of demotic Art was introduced by Calamis of Athens and Pythagoras of Rhegium, and now Phidias the Athenian acquired a reputation which none before him had been able to achieve. All the works of the time of Pericles were carried on under his direction, and how ably, is attested by what remains of the ornamentation of the Parthenon. Nowhere was free Art more wanted than at Athens, and thence it spread rapidly through the other states of Greece. The Parthenon, the most magnificent work of the best period of Greek Art, was intended to illustrate Greek character and nationality, and the figures with which it was enriched were not merely images but embodied ideas. The lecturer proceeded to consider the influence of the works of Polyclitus the Argive, of Myron, Naucydes, Scopas, Praxiteles, and others who shone eminently in the galaxy of the Greek artists, who to the exclusion of wood and ivory, worked entirely in marble, wherein was imitable the most delicate and beautiful details of the human form. Thus, as Phidias was the head of the elder school, so Praxiteles who first ventured to produce a nude Venus, was the most celebrated master of the later school. The lecturer concluded amid expressions of satisfaction from a numerous audience.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following pictures have been selected by prize-holders in the Art-Union of London up to the time of our going to press:—

From the Royal Academy.—"Relenting," T. Brooks, 250*l.*; "Skaters," C. Lees, 105*l.*; "In Betchworth Park," W. F. Witherington, R.A., 100*l.*; "Summerhill," J. D. Wingfield, 100*l.*; "From Vicar of Wakefield," J. Absolon, 70*l.*; "The Truant," J. Smith, 70*l.*; "The Frith of Forth," J. Wilson, Jun., 60*l.*; "Cuddie Headrigg," D. Dean, 60*l.*; "Landscape," G. Cole, 60*l.*; "San Giulio," G. Stanfield, 52*l.* 10*s.*; "At Sonning," G. Stanfield, 50*l.*; "Hay-making," G. E. Hicks, 42*l.*; "Hamlet and Ophelia," A. F. Patten, 40*l.*; "Erridge Park," G. Stanley, 35*l.*; "Near Ceuta," W. Welby, 35*l.*; "Lane Scene—Hastings," J. Meadows, 35*l.*; "Robinson Crusoe," J. D. Watson, 30*l.*; "The Mountain Ramblers," J. Thompson, 25*l.*; "A Misty Morning—Connemara," W. Luker, 25*l.*; "Minding the House," T. Earl, 25*l.*; "Head of the Draig," J. Grindall, 25*l.*; "On the Lake of Como," G. Hering, 25*l.*; "Sunday in the Highlands," J. A. Houston, 21*l.*; "The Shades of Evening," A. Gilbert, 20*l.*

From the British Institution.—"Waiting for the Laird," G. W. Harlor, 75*l.*; "Free Sittings," F. Underhill, 60*l.*; "L'Innamorato," H. O'Neil, 52*l.* 10*s.*; "The Village Carrier," G. Chester, 52*l.* 10*s.*; "A Woodland Scene," H. Jutsum, 50*l.*; "The Simplon," G. Stanfield, 50*l.*; "Highland Scene," H. Jutsum, 40*l.*; "Brockham, Surrey," J. Stark, 35*l.*; "Fruit," Miss Stannard, 31*l.* 10*s.*; "On the Hills," J. D. Wingfield, 25*l.*; "The First of September," H. Hall, 20*l.*

From the Society of British Artists.—"Dante begging his Bread," F. Y. Hurlstone, 100*l.*; "Family at Saraginesco," R. Buckner, 80*l.*; "Market Morning," J. Tennant, 70*l.*; "Pevensey Castle," C. Davidson, 63*l.*; "On the Yorkshire Coast," G. Cole, 60*l.*; "Windsor Castle," G. Cole, 60*l.*; "Golden Morning, North Wales," H. J. Boddington, 60*l.*; "A Quiet Evening on the Thames," H. J. Boddington, 60*l.*; "A Gypsy's Haunt," R. G. Stannard, 52*l.* 10*s.*; "Road over a Heath," J. Tennant, 50*l.*; "Sheep and Figures," G. Cole, 50*l.*; "Kilman," P. C. Auld, 50*l.*; "Exultation," T. Clater, 35*l.*; "At Lynton," A. Clint, 35*l.*; "Girl and Chickens," J. T. Peele, 35*l.*; "Cymon and Iphigenia," A. J. Woolmer, 35*l.*; "Lane Scene," G. Cole, 26*l.* 5*s.*; "Near Glen-gariff," G. Shalders, 25*l.*; "Salmon Fishing," A. F. Rolfe, 25*l.*; "Richmond Hill," A. F. Rolfe, 25*l.*; "Return from Market," G. Williams, 25*l.*; "Landscape," G. Cole, 25*l.*; "St. Peter," G. P. Green, 21*l.*; "Fishing Lugger," A. Webb, 20*l.*; "Carisbrook Castle," J. Godet, 20*l.*; "Glen Scene, Linton," J. Tennant, 20*l.*

From the National Institution.—"Autumn in the Highlands," S. Percy, 150*l.*; "Evening, Lights and Shadows," H. B. Willis, 100*l.*; "Autumnal Morning," A. Williams, 100*l.*; "Lane near Tyngroes," A. Williams, 75*l.*; "Kilchurn Castle," S. R. Percy, 75*l.*; "Scenery in Knowle Park," E. Cobbett, 60*l.*; "Feeding Rabbits," E. Cobbett, 50*l.*; "Scene in Surrey," A. F. Rolfe, 50*l.*; "Kilchurn Castle," J. Danby, 50*l.*; "A Walk by the Con-way," F. W. Hulme, 50*l.*; "Village Musicians," J. W. Haynes, 50*l.*; "Margate Old Pier," H. P. Parker, 35*l.*; "Rest by the Way," Bell Smith, 35*l.*; "Close of a Sultry Day," E. Williams, 35*l.*; "Showery Weather," E. Williams, 35*l.*; "Reading a Chapter," C. Dukes, 35*l.*; "Salmon Trap on the Lugwy," F. W. Hulme, 35*l.*; "Contentment," H. P. Parker, 31*l.* 10*s.*; "Ferretting Rabbits," H. P. Parker, 31*l.* 10*s.*; "Amiens," A. Montague, 25*l.*; "Simon the Cellarer," C. Rossiter, 25*l.*; "Nant Mill," J. Steeple, 25*l.*; "Summer Flowers," H. Barraud, 25*l.*; "Lane Scene with Gypsies," J. E. Meadows, 25*l.*; "Cader Idris," W. Williams, 25*l.*; "The Fortune-Teller," D. Passmore, 25*l.*; "Zuleika," Bell Smith, 25*l.*; "Winter," G. Williams, 25*l.*; "The Coast Side," A. Montague, 25*l.*; "A Foot-Bridge," F. W. Hulme, 20*l.*; "A Weedy Part of the Thames," E. Boddington, Jun., 20*l.*

From the Water-Colour Society.—"Tintagel Castle," S. P. Jackson, 60*l.*; "Hadley Castle," G. Fripp, 42*l.*; "Sidmouth, (South Devon)," John Callow, 31*l.*; "Dinas," H. Gastineau, 21*l.*; "Clearing away a Wreck," F. Nash, 21*l.*; "Vraiking Time," J. P. Naftel, 20*l.*

From the New Water-Colour Society.—"Ye ha tellt me that afore, Jemie," H. Warren, 105*l.*; "Belted Will's Tower," W. Bennet, 75*l.*; "Highland Fireside," J. H. Mole, 42*l.*; "The Trysting Time," J. H. Mole, 35*l.*; "On the Wharfe, Bolton Abbey," J. W. Whympers, 30*l.*; "Fishermen off the Nore," T. S. Robins, 25*l.*; "The Gleaner," A. Bouvier, 21*l.*

CLOSE OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy closed on Saturday the 2nd June, after remaining open for about three months, during which period it never failed to attract crowds of visitors. In more than one respect it was the most successful exhibition ever held in Edinburgh. In our notice of it two months ago we stated that many of the works exhibited were equal, and not a few superior to any on which the pencils of the respective artists had previously been employed; and the opinion was fully borne out by the public interest manifested in the Exhibition up to the day it closed. The number of visitors was, we believe, about one-fourth more than that of any former year. Nearly 3000 day season-tickets were sold, while between 25,000 and 26,000 persons paid at the door for admission during the days. These figures show an increase of at least a third over previous seasons. The opening of the exhibition in the evening—a step which the Royal Scottish Academy took some years ago, not without considerable hesitation—has tended greatly to popularise it with the citizens of Edinburgh, thousands of whom were thus enabled to visit it, whose avocations prevented them from doing so during the day. The plan of opening in the evening does not take effect until about the middle of the season, and season-tickets are then issued at a reduced rate. It is a very strong proof of the increased interest taken in the exhibition by those for whose benefit it is opened in the evening, that the number of visitors has steadily increased year by year. This season about 1,300 season-tickets were sold, and nearly 27,000 persons paid at the door. As the holders of day-tickets are admitted at night likewise, the number of visitors must frequently have been very great; indeed, the crowded state of the rooms, spacious as they are, showed that such was the case almost every night. This increase in the number of visitors represents of course a corresponding augmentation of the Academy's funds; and, as the rent, about 700*l.*, previously paid for the galleries of the Royal Institution is now saved, by the apportionment of a suite of rooms in the new National Gallery building, its pecuniary affairs may be said to be in a very flourishing condition; and, doubtless, its pension fund, as well as the other objects for which it was instituted, will be favourably affected.

The number of sales in the exhibition of this season was not greater than that of some previous years even although the attractions presented were more numerous. Several important works of Art were acquired by connoisseurs, such as Mr. BRODIE's beautiful marble statue of "Corinna," bought by Mr. Wilson of Bankhurst for 500*l.*, while the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and the Glasgow Art-Union purchased several fine pictures. The Association purchased about twenty-nine works of Art in all, including Mr. JAMES DRUMMOND's "Porteus Mob," for which we believe the sum of 350*l.* was paid, several fine landscapes by Mr. D. O. HILL, Mr. HARVEY, Mr. E. T. CRAWFORD, and Mr. MACCULLOCH,—besides Mr. CALDER MARSHALL's beautiful group of statuary, "The Whisper of Love." The Glasgow Art-Union does not confine its purchases to the Scottish Academy Exhibition, and this season it acquired only about fourteen of the works exhibited, some of which were valuable however, such as Mr. MACCULLOCH's "Frith of Forth," 300*l.*, Mr. JOHN FAED's "Reason and Faith," 340*l.*, and several others. A number of fine pictures which might have been more valuable acquisitions than some of the smaller works purchased, were passed over both by the Association and the Art-Union, and when we learn that the first of these bodies recently paid a considerable sum for copies from the Old Masters to be distributed as prizes, it is matter of regret that the funds at its disposal were not applied more directly to its professed objects—viz. "the promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland;" this can scarcely be effected by the substitution of copies for original works.

HOPE.

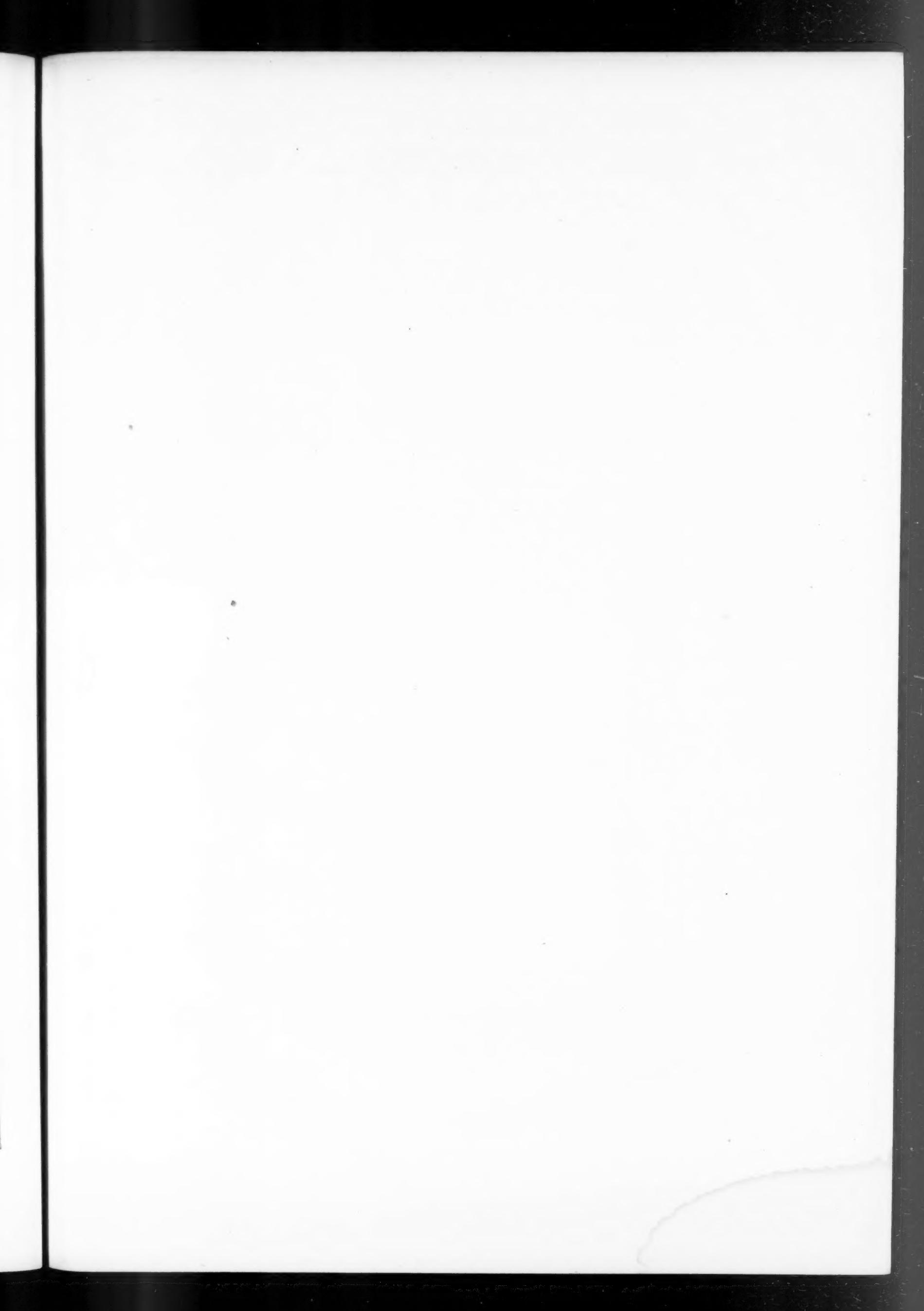
FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY J. GIBSON, R.A.

MANY of the highest efforts of sculptured art are, in this country, almost solely directed to monumental works, which are generally excluded from ordinary public observation, and hence the great mass of the people possess few opportunities of deriving pleasure or instruction from them. It is not thus in the chief cities of the continent: and we could not avoid, during a recent short stay in Paris, contrasting the advantages which the French have in their metropolis for the study of sculpture with the meagre display exhibited in our own. In the gardens of the Tuileries and the Luxembourg are copies, in marble, of the finest antiques; in the *Place de la Concorde* are noble groups of modern allegorical sculpture; in the streets are fountains and statues, while the new wings of the Louvre are decorated with admirable bas-reliefs; in short, almost wherever the eye turns it rests upon the work of the sculptor, to draw forth the spectator's feelings of delight and satisfaction. We sometimes wonder if the time will ever arrive when the Englishman will be able to see, in other places than obscure country churches and the private gallery of the wealthy amateur, what the genius of the British sculptor can produce.

There is, perhaps, after all, something in our national character and political institutions which accounts for this position of sculpture among us. First, we have no government arbitrarily to command the execution of public works; and there is no public voice to ask for them through its authorised channel of communication, for the people have not as yet learned to regard them in such light as to require the erection of statues as essential parts of external decoration,—our tastes have not become sufficiently cultivated to appreciate them: and, moreover, we live less in the streets, so to speak, than our continental neighbours, and are, therefore, more indifferent to the aspect they may present to us. The English, as a nation, care not to spend money for display only, though we are liberal enough in expenditure on matters of practical utility, or when the calls of humanity demand pecuniary assistance. It is from these circumstances that ideal and historic sculpture, according to our belief, finds so little encouragement here, and until the national taste is so changed as to feel interested in the Art, and to be sensible of its importance as one among the many means which may be employed for the advancement of intelligence and elevated sentiments in the people, the sculptor will remain, as he now stands, without the aid of government patronage, except in a few isolated instances, as in the works executed, or in preparation, for the new houses of parliament.

But whatever may be our comparative deficiencies—deficiencies arising less from capacity in our artists than from the want of encouragement—in what are generally considered as the highest departments of sculpture, our churches throughout the land testify to a multitude of beautiful and costly works, which affection has caused to be placed therein in memory of the dead. Here it may fairly be affirmed that the English sculptor is not surpassed by any foreign artist, if pure and holy sentiments, gracefully and feelingly expressed in the marble, are to be accepted as the standard of excellence.

In the life of Flaxman, which appears elsewhere in these pages, we read how well and appropriately he applied the maxims of scripture to his art: many of his successors have designed their best compositions from the same sacred sources, either as direct illustrations, or with reference to them. In Mr. Gibson's baso-relievo, "Hope" is symbolised as one of the Christian virtues: the figure forms part of a monument erected in the chapel in Renshaw Street, Liverpool, to the memory of Mrs. Edward Roscoe, by her daughter, the late Mrs. Henry Sandbach, one of a family for whom Mr. Gibson has sculptured several works: this was executed in Rome.







HOPE.

ENGRAVED BY W. ROTTE, FROM THE BAS-RELIEF BY J. SIMON R. A.

LONDON: PUBLISHED FOR THE UNIVERSITY.



THE EXHIBITION OF
MODERN GERMAN PICTURES.

A COLLECTION of a hundred modern German pictures is to be seen at 168, New Bond Street, where an exhibition of works of the same school was opened last year. Although there is a greater affinity between German and French Art than there is between English painting and that of either of those two countries, yet when surrounded by works of the German school, we feel as if breathing a denser atmosphere than we are accustomed to amid collections of either of the other two schools. Many of the figure-subjects here are characteristic, well drawn, and appropriate, as addressed to the feelings of an extensive nationality, especially in the genre and domestic subjects. No. 94, 'The Departure of Christopher Columbus from Spain,' E. LEUTZE, is an ambitious picture, the aim of which is rather scenic effect than penetrating expression. Columbus stands conspicuous on the prow of his small vessel, having just confessed and received the sacrament from Friar Juan Perez. The boats containing his sorrowing friends are about to depart. Among the secondary groups too many backs are presented to the spectator; but, as a whole, the picture is well executed, and has the merit of pronouncing the subject at once. No. 92, 'Soldiers Gambling for their Booty: Scene from the Thirty Years' War,' A. SIEGERT. A work of very great merit; the successes and the losses of the gamblers are very pointedly defined. The men are too much like officers, but it is a picture reminding us of the best qualities of the best men of the Dutch school. No. 86, 'Soldiers Selling their Booty,' by the same painter, is also a production of much excellence, yet not equal to the other. No. 89, 'Wedding Scene in Marken Island, Zuyder Zee,' R. JORDAN. An interior composition, full of figures, each of which is placed in relation with the subject. There are two lights; the sunlight is highly successful. No. 14, 'The Battle of Waterloo: Charge of the Old Guard,' A. NORTEN. This is a large picture, showing very circumstantially the dispositions towards the close of the battle. It is everywhere replete with interesting incident, but in certain details is inaccurate, as, for instance, in giving bearskin caps to the Guards: they did not wear bearskin until very long after the battle of Waterloo. No. 12, 'The Critical Moment: Papa and Mamma's Consent,' B. VAUTIER, shows a young man asking the consent of the parents of his mistress that they may be married. The manner of the suitor, the retirement of the young lady, and other circumstances, detail the theme very perspicuously. No. 99, 'Waterfall in Norway,' E. BODOM, is an admirable subject, and the sentiment with which it is invested coincides perfectly with the wild rocky solitude the picture represents. No. 15, 'On the Coast of Capri,' A. FLAMM, is a rocky coast scene, painted with much sweetness in colour and effect. No. 2, 'Farmyard in Westphalia,' A. WEBER, is a most successful version of a commonplace subject; the trees are remarkable for truth. In No. 24, 'Landscape,' and No. 26, 'Landscape,' Professor LESSING sustains his well-earned reputation; and Professor GUDE, in No. 31, 'The Mouth of a Norwegian Fiord,' describes the scene with the most forcible reality, under the aspect of a coming storm, which we may say is not less heard than seen. No. 41, 'Aqueeductal Ruins in the Campagna of Rome,' A. FLAMM, is a very truthful rendering of a section of this remarkable region, which no artist can pass without painting. No. 43, 'Lariccia by Sunset,' O. ACHENBACH, is a very carefully executed work, in which the shades and lights of coming twilight are very judiciously opposed; the darks in this picture are deep and clear. No. 30, 'Cavaliers and Roundheads: Scene from the Civil War,' W. CAMPHAUSEN, is a production of distinguished merit, though perhaps in character the figures are not English; with more finish this had been a work of the highest order. It would have afforded us much pleasure to have given greater space to these works, but exhibitions are now so numerous that we are compelled to restrict our notices of them.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

NORWICH.—We stated some short time since, that through the exertions of Mr. Claude Nursey, head master of the Norwich school of design, an exhibition of pictures, &c., was about to be made in this city. The rooms in Broad Street have recently been opened with a collection of about 280 oil-paintings, 80 water-colour drawings, 7 sculptured works, and a few photographs. These works are all, as we understand, the *bona fide* property of the artists who contribute them, with the exception of Hilton's "Lear," and F. R. Pickersgill's "Dance to Collins's Melody," which have been lent by their respective possessors. Although the catalogue does not contain many pictures of large pretensions, it includes many names that are honourably known in the Arts:—Boddington, Boxall, A.R.A., Bright, Boys, R. Brandard, Madox Brown, Callow, W. and J., Callow, Creswick, R.A., T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., Duffield, Davidson, F. Danby, A.R.A., Dearman, Egley, Essex, W. Gale, Hargitt, E. Hayes, Jutsum, Mulready, R.A., MacLise, R.A., C. Marshall, C. L. Nursey, O'Neil, Mrs. Oliver, J. B. Pyne, Stark, H. B. Willis, Woolnoth, &c. The whole of the sculpture is by A. Munro. To Mr. Claude Nursey, high praise is due for this promotion of the good cause in Norwich; his removal to that city was for it a fortunate event, although very unfortunate for Belfast, where his services had been of incalculable benefit.

TIVERTON.—This pretty little town—one of the most picturesquely situated of any in the county of Devonshire—has just opened an exhibition of Fine Arts and antiquities, the contributions, principally, of the place and its vicinity. The catalogue includes pictures ascribed to many of the masters of renown both ancient and modern, many of them doubtless genuine specimens. The collection of all sorts is, we hear, of a most interesting character; while it is most gratifying to find the possessors of Art-treasures temporarily giving them up for the benefit of their less fortunate neighbours, and to know that the latter are well-pleased to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them for mental improvement.

CARLISLE SCHOOL OF ART.—A meeting of the subscribers to the Carlisle School of Art, was held in the Town-hall, Carlisle, in the early part of June, when the secretary read the report of the committee, from which it appears that the school was established in October last, and that its progress has been satisfactory. The average number of students at the Central School of Art has been fifty-nine. Various public and private local schools have availed themselves of the services of the master. At these schools about 366 pupils have received instruction. Some discussion then ensued as to the rules and the funds to be provided. In course of the proceedings, Mr. Hannah reminded the meeting that the art of writing was simply a species of drawing, depending on the cultivation of the eye and the hand, for, in making the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, it was nothing else than making twenty-six imitations. When parents took this into their consideration, seeing that every one thought it essential that their children should learn reading, writing, and a little arithmetic, he had no doubt that eventually they would consider drawing as essential as anything else.

THE SURREY ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY, which numbers 400 members, although it has been founded little more than a year, proposes to extend the range of its operations to the county of Middlesex, and to call itself "The Middlesex and Surrey Archæological Society." It is calculated that from such an union there would result "both an increase and a consolidation of strength; the proceedings of the society would be at once more complete and more diversified; and, while each county would secure a distinct recognition for every object peculiarly its own, much of mutual advantage would be derived by them both from their being associated for the purposes of archæological inquiry and research."

OXFORD.—Vast improvements have taken place in this venerable city during the last few years in the restoration and repairs of several of the colleges and some of the public edifices, but there still remains much that requires the hand of the careful restorer. We admire as much as any one can, the venerable appearance which time, aided, however, by the nature of the stone used in the building, has given to these noble structures, but we grieve to see them in several instances, an absolute ruin. There is, for example, the circle of heads which surrounds the museum in Broad Street, in as mutilated a condition as the oldest Sphinxes of the Pharaohs; while the fine entrance gate to St. Mary's church, the work of Inigo Jones, is falling to pieces.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

MR. E. M. WARD, R.A. has received the assent of the Royal Commissioners of the Houses of Parliament, to paint in fresco a picture from his sketch of "Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor." As fresco-painting is somewhat of a novelty to this artist, we shall be very desirous of seeing the result of his labour, although we have no doubt of his success. We believe the reason of this style of painting being adopted is, that the light introduced into the building is singularly unfavourable to oil-pictures.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The anniversary dinner of this self-supporting institution took place on Saturday the 9th of June, at the Freemasons' Tavern; the Earl of Harrowby taking the chair in the room of Earl Granville, who was unavoidably absent. We should have been pleased to see the Royal Academy more numerous represented than it was on this occasion; for out of the seventy members of the three grades which compose it, we only noticed the President, Messrs. Roberts, Stanfield, Frost, Weekes, S. Cousins, R. Graves, and Willmore. The presence of the dignitaries of Art not only gives a zest to these festive gatherings, but it acts as an encouragement, and gives an impulse, to those of lesser note, as showing the interest which the former take or are presumed to take in the object for which they meet. It appears, from the statement made by the noble chairman, that during the past year, annuities of 15*l.* each were given to 52 widows of artists, and 29 orphan children received, in various sums, grants to the amount of 137*l.* 10*s.* The subscriptions of the evening reached 350*l.*, including 100 guineas, the usual liberal donation of her Majesty. Mr. Godwin, in replying to a toast with which his name was connected, said he considered the Art-Union of London as of the greatest benefit to artists. It had encouraged a taste for Art, and many commercial men who commenced their career in Art by gaining a prize in the Art-Union, had been led on to become assiduous collectors of pictures. The Art-Union, twenty years ago, raised with difficulty 400*l.*; it now had a steady annual income of 12,000*l.* or 13,000*l.*, which was all diffused among artists. This society ought to be better supported than it is by the profession for whose benefit it was founded: the good it does would be largely extended with more ample means, which should be at the disposal of its managers.

ROUBILIAC'S STATUE OF HANDEL executed for Vauxhall Gardens, and which first brought the eminent sculptor into public notice, and received the encomiums of Horace Walpole, has recently been purchased by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and is placed in their rooms at Exeter Hall. When Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor of Vauxhall, retired to the country, he took this statue with him, and after many vicissitudes and much travelling, it has again found a home in the metropolis. The excellence of the work and its perfect preservation will surprise all who may expect a mere garden-statue for decorative purposes. Its extreme finish, delicacy, and truthfulness, gives it a high position among the sculptural efforts of the artist.

THE PANOPTICON has added to its *répertoire* of novelties an excellent lecture on Vesuvius, embracing accounts of former eruptions, and notices of the ancient Pompeians, accompanied by well-executed paintings. Mr. Bailly, R.A., has just executed in marble and placed in the Royal Panopticon of Science and Art, busts of her Majesty and Prince Albert. The bust of her Majesty exhibits a very admirable likeness, and the group of flowers which forms a circlet or rather head-dress is singularly faithful to nature. The lectures and views of the war continue; and the luminous fountain still displays its beauties.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—This picture affords the best view of Sebastopol, its environs, and the positions of the allied armies, we have yet seen. The view is taken from a point near the Three-gun battery, whence the spectator has a survey of every locality of interest within and without the city. In the immediate front, towards the city, we look into the battery above-

named, and beyond that the military harbour opens, where was stationed the ship Twelve Apostles, which caused such annoyance to the English and French batteries. On the immediate left are seen the siege-train coming up, and a body of Zouaves entering the trenches. Turning towards Balaklava, which is marked by the rising ground, there is grouped in the immediate front Lord Raglan and a numerous staff, and on the immediate left is the commissariat train, and thence the eye is led to the sites of the distant British camp, Inkermann, General Canrobert's head quarters, the head quarters of Lord Raglan, &c., &c., until the view is closed by the high mountains of the remote horizon. As a picture, the work is throughout executed in a manner worthy of all praise.

LORD LONDESBOROUGH as president of the Numismatic Society, gave a soirée on May 28th, to its members at his mansion in Carlton Gardens. The councils of other learned societies in London also were invited as well as the Royal Academicians. The rooms were filled with objects of Art and antiquity; and the tastes of the visitors consulted by a fitting display of rarities. The novelty of the evening was the exhibition of a remarkable series of Anglo-Saxon jewels and personal relics, recently obtained from the Isle of Wight by Mr. George Hillier; the great beauty and interest of these articles, and the paucity of similar discoveries in that island, challenged due attention. An excellent series of Roman coins in large brass, in the finest possible condition was exhibited by Mr. Bergne; as well as many rare pattern pieces for the English coinage. An ivory *chapele* of the Kawtury, elaborately sculptured with scenes from the life of the Virgin, and formerly belonging to the Dukes of Burgundy, was exhibited by Mr. Chaffers; as well as some rare glass vases from Mayence. Sir Edward Belcher contributed his curious Esquimaux relics, Messrs. Garrard exhibited fine ancient and modern plate. His Lordship's own collection of antiques was, however, the most remarkable, one case alone containing nearly a score of pendant jewels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in which the arts of the goldsmith, jeweller, and enameller were exhibited with matchless power; a small gold book-cover, chased in gold, enamelled and set with stones, believed to be the work of Cellini, attracted much attention. The same table was crowded with Byzantine enamels, ivory carving, and objects of antique Art. Altogether the evening was remarkable for its intellectual gratification and correct taste.

MR. DAVID COX.—We hear a testimonial is about to be presented to this excellent water-colour painter by his numerous personal friends and admirers. Mr. Cox is now one of the oldest members of the elder society, in whose gallery his works have long held a most distinguished rank; his small drawings especially, of a few years back, have never been surpassed—rarely equalled—for freshness and brilliancy of colour, and simplicity of treatment; they are thorough English representations of English landscape-scenery. The testimonial will, we believe, be a portrait of himself: both as a man and an artist he is altogether worthy of such a compliment.

THE LORD-MAYOR OF LONDON.—Sir Francis Graham Moon, Bart., entertained the members of the Royal Academy and other artists at dinner, on Saturday, the 30th of June. With the artists were associated the heads of all the learned bodies of the metropolis, and many amateurs and patrons of Art. We can do no more, at present, than record this very interesting fact,—a graceful and becoming tribute to British artists on the part of a gentleman who so long upheld and disseminated Art as the greatest of British Art-publishers.

STAINED GLASS.—Mr. Holland, of Warwick, we learn from the *Builder*, has recently executed a large east (subscription) window in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon Church, containing twenty-one subjects, illustrating the principal events in the life of Christ. The tracery is filled with the four Evangelists, angels with texts of Scripture, Gothic foliage, &c.; richly coloured in the Perpendicular style. The same painter has also put up the following:—A monumental window in

St. George's Church, Ramsgate, containing two subjects, "Christ Healing the Sick," and "The Raising of Lazarus," with appropriate canopies, pedestals, &c.; a large east window for St. James's Church, Wolverhampton, the tracery filled with the rose and lily, with texts of Scripture upon ribbons, &c., in the Perpendicular style; a monumental window for Forest-hill Church, near Oxford, containing two subjects, "Christ Knocking at the Door," and "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," angels bearing texts of Scripture, &c.; east chancel window for Welton Church, near Daventry, Northamptonshire, containing four subjects, and a side window, containing the subject of "Christ Healing the Sick."

THE LATE MAYOR OF OXFORD.—It will be in the recollection of our readers that during the month of June, 1854, an evening reception was given in the venerable city of Oxford to a large number of artists, men of letters, and men of science, by R. J. Spiers, Esq., then mayor of that city. The guests amounted in number to nearly a thousand; including the magnates of the university, the most prominent of the citizens and the neighbouring gentry: there was an immense collection of works of Art—contributed by the guests: and on the three days following, "the people" were admitted to the Mansion House to enjoy as far as possible the treat of the occasion: of this permission nearly 20,000 persons availed themselves. Altogether, perhaps, the reception was one of the most brilliant and graceful it has ever been the privilege of a journalist to record. On the sixteenth of June of the present year, another assemblage met at the Guildhall of Oxford,—the object being to present to the late mayor a Testimonial, to which one hundred artists and men of science and letters contributed—recording their personal respect for Mr. Spiers, and the gratifying circumstances under which they had been called together during the period he acted as chief magistrate of the city. On the morning of the same day (selected by the committee as the birthday both of Mr. Spiers and his lady) a very splendid and costly present of plate had been presented to him by his fellow citizens: this gift consisted of three elegant vases of silver, the manufacture of Garrard—a pair of salt-cellars and an antique snuff-box; at the same time also was presented to him a silver claret jug by the artists and workmen in his employ, and a bible—(not the least interesting of the gifts) procured by the combined subscriptions of children educated in certain schools which he has aided to sustain. The collection of artists and literary sketches and autographs formed a most interesting series: each was carefully mounted, and the whole were placed in a very beautifully bound morocco case: which was again contained in a case of oak. Among the artist-contributors were Mr. Allom, Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew, Mr. D. Cox, sen., Mr. D. Cox, jun., Mr. Durham, Mr. Fairholt, Mr. Frost, R.A., Mr. Harvey, Mr. Jutsum, Mr. Knight, R.A., Mr. Lover, Mr. George Godwin, Mr. Macdowell, R.A., Mr. Lucy, Mr. Calder Marshall, Mr. Millais, Mr. Nash, Mr. Noble, Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Talfourd, Mr. Webster, R.A., Mr. Digby Wyatt, Mr. Youngman, &c. &c. We cannot find space for a list of the professors of literature and science; but it included many of the most distinguished authors of the age. Altogether, the series was of exceeding interest, and of no small value; and, perhaps, may be considered as among the most remarkable gifts that has ever been presented to any person in this country; of far greater worth it must be to the receiver than if the cost of producing it had been fifty times as great; for it is the most graceful mode that could have been devised of paying a compliment, and of recording an obligation. The late Mayor of Oxford may class among his private and personal friends, the whole of those who were associated in this very successful effort to do him honour, and to preserve a gratifying memory of his hospitality during his official year. The testimonial will, no doubt, be an heir-loom in his family. It was presented to him by the honorary secretary, Mr. John Leighton, who was indefatigable in his efforts worthily to carry out the desire of the contributors; and an address

on the occasion was delivered by Mr. S. C. Hall. There was present a large number of the ladies and gentlemen by whom the work was formed, with several of the heads of houses of the university, and many of the late Mayor's fellow-citizens, headed by the gentleman who is his successor in office. On the Monday following the presentation, Mr. Spiers, who had provided carriages for the purpose of conveying the ladies and gentlemen invited from London on the occasion, accompanied the party to Blenheim, and after partaking of an elegant collation at the principal hotel in Woodstock, they returned to Oxford, to assemble again in the evening at a *conversazione* in his private residence. The weather, showery as it was, failed to damp the spirits of his guests, among whom were a large number of those well known in the literary and artistic worlds, and who separated late at night after passing one of the most enjoyable days in their recollection, to which the kindness and liberal hospitality of their host and hostess contributed in no measured degree.

THE INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—The president's *conversazione* took place on the 29th of May; it was attended by about four hundred gentlemen of celebrity in science, letters, or Art: and the rooms were filled with objects of interest, inventions in machinery being necessarily the most prominent. Under the very able and energetic management of the secretary, Mr. Charles Manby, this institute has become of large importance, as the source whence many valuable improvements have emanated. These periodical gatherings are not only most agreeable, but most useful: and the society merits earnest thanks for the gratification and enjoyment it thus disseminates.

THE EXHIBITION AT NEW YORK.—A letter has been published signed "John H. White, receiver, &c.," the writer of which comments on the meeting (which took place early last month) of contributors to the New York Exhibition. He denies several of the assertions made at that meeting: states that M. Rogers' looking-glass was "broken before it arrived"—that Mr. Arrow-smith's cabinet is "now in the palace and in good order"—that, in fact, but little injury has arisen, that no actual loss has occurred, and that repayment of expenses may be expected and looked for. We hope Mr. White writes by "authority:" at all events we are bound to give him credit for truth and honesty, although he is especially careful to inform us that he is "not responsible for any part or portion of the mismanagement of the association for the exhibition of the industry of all nations"—"the errors committed, if any, having been committed long before his connexion with it."

MOCK "PROOF" ENGRAVINGS.—The *Manchester Guardian* newspaper contains the following expressive advertisement:—"MANCHESTER GUARDIAN SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

—CAUTION.—The public are cautioned that 'Messrs. Greaves & Co.,' the parties alleged to have sent 'immense grand consignments of proof engravings' to Manchester, for sale by auction, ARE IN NO WAY whatever connected with MESSRS. GRAVES & CO., Publishers, Pall Mall, London.—SAMUEL COTTAM, Secretary." It is accompanied by the following editorial "caution:—"MOCK PROOF ENGRAVINGS AND MOCK AUCTIONS.—The public is cautioned that certain parties are offering, both by auction and otherwise, mock proof engravings, i.e., spurious proofs, printed without lettering, after the prints have been taken off, and selling them as genuine proofs, whilst they are not worth the cost of the paper they are printed upon." We have on two or three occasions warned the public against this system of robbery; and have anxiously sought for such information as we might communicate without dread of the law of libel. A very large part of the infamy is with the printers: in cases of large plates, it is only a printer of some position by whom the plates can be worked; and it becomes the duty of every copper-plate printer who has not lent his aid to these practices, to state as much publicly. It may be dangerous in us to say who has, but there can be no danger in saying who has *not*, co-operated with the dishonest parties by whom these frauds have been perpetrated. We are instituting in-

quiries concerning this very iniquitous affair, which it will be our duty to publish.

A PICTURE-DEALER NAMED "MELTON," (the same, we understand, whose name is so prominent in reference to the forged picture of Mr. E. M. Ward) has advertised himself in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" as a picture-cleaner, liner, and restorer, on "very moderate terms," and so forth. To this there can be no objection, but inasmuch as we find in large letters appended to the advertisement "MR. MELTON, F.S.A.," we were naturally led to inquire whether he is really a fellow of the "Society of Antiquaries;" we find he is not, and never has been. The object of this "annex" cannot be mistaken: it gives an air of respectability to the "concern," and may mislead many. If by advertising in the "Journal of the Society of Arts" "Mr. Melton, F.S.A.," desires F.S.A. to be understood as meaning member of the Society of Arts, the deception is very transparent, and we presume that society has, ere this, taken care of its own honour and respectability.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE REV. DR. CROLY.—The eloquent clergyman whose name is so closely and honourably associated with letters, has had a marked honour conferred upon him. A bust, executed by Behnes, has been presented to him by his friends in the city, and the presentation took place in one of the chambers of the Mansion House on Friday, the 22nd of June: after which, Dr. Croly's friend, the Lord Mayor, received a large party, numbering upwards of a hundred, at *déjeuner*, in the Egyptian hall. The period of the month was too late for us to do more than record a fact of much interest to artists and men of letters.

THE VISIT OF THE LORD-MAYOR TO PARIS WAS a series of brilliant triumphs. Everything was done that could have been done to honour the guests; the Prefect of the Seine repaid with interest the courtesies and hospitalities he received in England, and Sir Francis Graham Moon received homage such as is rarely accorded except to a crowned prince. Among other gifts presented on taking leave, is a very magnificent volume of photographs from the decorations of the Hotel de Ville, with appropriate inscriptions from the sovereign of Paris to the sovereign of London.

THE CASE OF MR. WARD'S PICTURE.—the forgery of which has been made notorious—is, it is said, to come into a court of law: in what shape it will appear there we cannot at present say; but it is impossible that other than good can arise from consequent exposure.

MR. RUSKIN has printed a small brochure of criticism on some of the pictures in the Royal Academy: his strictures are, however, limited to some thirty or forty works. Much of it is sensible and judicious; but it abounds with those singularities of thought and diction which have made the productions of the learned gentleman remarkable: and which, unquestionably, prevent his being an "authority."

THE DRAWINGS OF THE MESSRS. CHALON, R.A.—The pictures and drawings of the late J. J. Chalon, R.A., with a selection of the works of A. E. Chalon, R.A., have been exhibited at the house of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi. We are glad of an opportunity of seeing any collection of this kind, as such occasions serve to correct erroneous impressions, or to confirm just ones. The late J. J. Chalon was never a popular artist; his manner is heavy, hard, and opaque, and his scale of colour limited, and his tints generally formed of unsympathising colours,—and for want of near glazes and distant atmosphere, his works are deficient in some of the greatest charms of nature. The arrangement of light and dark in some of the landscapes and compositions is highly judicious, but there is more than this necessary for a good picture. Among the best works of this artist may be mentioned "The Embarkation," "Ruins of a Fountain," "Tower and Beach of Hastings, with Fishing-boats returning," "Macbeth and Banquo's First Sight of the Weird Sisters," "View from Richmond Hill," &c. The number of works exhibited exceeds two hundred, but there are many pencil drawings, and many sketches and portraits by Mr. A. E. Chalon, among which is his best, that of the Princess

Charlotte, a portrait in oil, and many in water-colour,—sketches that take us back to the days of mere gauze and millinery, a qualification still prevailing too much in feminine portraiture, but which must gradually become obsolete. We can scarcely think any profitable end answered in the exhibition of these works, yet it is necessary to see what interest and fashion can accomplish, even in Art. Under what pretence the Society of Arts charges a *shilling* for admission to this exhibition we can by no means guess.

THE BRITANNIA BRIDGE.—There is being exhibited at Messrs. Graves, in Pall Mall, a picture entitled "A Meeting of Robert Stephenson, Esq., M.P., and his Staff of Engineers," &c., which has been painted by Mr. Lucas as a memorial of one of the great triumphs of science and engineering skill. The meeting is represented as being held at the Menai Straits previous to the floating of one of the tubes of the Britannia bridge, and is extremely well managed in composition as introducing a view of the bridge with a section of the adjacent country. The picture contains not less than fourteen figures, twelve of which are portraits of persons who have assisted or been interested in the great work; two are supplemental, introduced for the sake of relief. With good taste Mr. Lucas presents all his impersonations as they appeared in their usual daily attire; the portraits, as far as we know the gentlemen, are so accurate, that we cannot give a preference to any over the others.

IRON ATELIERS FOR ARTISTS.—We shall soon be in a condition to supply information on this subject, concerning which we have had many enquiries.

COLLINS'S PICTURE OF "SUNDAY MORNING."—We have been requested to state that this picture, a wood-engraving from which we published in our part of May, is now in the possession of W. Wilson, Esq., of Banknock, N.B.

THE PROSPECTUS of a Society has been submitted to us, which deserves to be made as public as journalism can make it. The title of this society is "The Patriotic Military and Naval Pensioners' Employment Society," a title which sufficiently defines the object of its projectors, namely, to find employment for the brave fellows in the East, whom wounds or illness have rendered incapable of active service in the field or at sea, and who have consequently been discharged. Now it is evident there are numerous places for which such men are fitted, notwithstanding the physical state in which the war may have left them, and the society proposes to establish an office, where the names, conditions, and peculiar qualifications of such men may be enrolled, and where anyone requiring a servant could apply. Such is the feeling which, we believe, the public entertain towards those who have suffered in supporting the honour of our country in this terrible struggle, that they would only be too glad of showing it in a way that may be advantageous to all parties. The funds for the maintenance of such a society would, it is presumed, be supplied by donations and annual public subscriptions, as in the case of most other charities. We shall be happy to forward the names of any desirous of aiding this noble movement in behalf of our suffering soldiers and sailors to the gentleman who left the prospectus with us, and whom we know as entitled to all confidence. It is probable we shall have occasion to recur to the subject when the plans are more matured than at present.

THE GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—We have already, on several occasions, noticed this very attractive exhibition, and we think it due to the power and energy of the artists, Messrs. Grieve, Telbin, Danson, Wehnert, and Coke Smyth, again to refer to it in praise of the additions which have been made to the series since we last saw it. "The Balaklava Railway" is, as a picture, a production of the highest merit, independently of the description it affords of the place. "The Mortar Battery" is also a picture full of interest, as showing the dispositions of the pieces, and the manner of working them. There are also "General Pelissier's Attack on the Works in front of the Flagstaff Battery," "A Bird's-eye View of Sebastopol," &c., and by Mr. Stocqueler's clear descriptions the series is rendered doubly attractive.

REVIEWS.

THE LOUVRE, OR BIOGRAPHY OF A MUSEUM. By BAYLE ST. JOHN, Author of "Purple Tints of Paris," &c. &c. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

Paris will doubtless receive this summer a very large accession to the usual influx of foreign visitors; the splendid edifice in the Champs Elysées, which—even more than our Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, when the difference of materials and the multiplicity of sculptured ornaments that beautify the French building are taken into consideration, seems to have sprung up from some magician's hand—will of course be the great attraction of the season: but there are other places of interest which cannot, and will not, be passed unheeded, and among these the Louvre will claim the first attention. Any one who has not seen Paris during the last three or four years, and remembers the Louvre as it stood at that short distance of time, would scarcely recognise it now, so great have been the changes made there by order of the imperial ruler of France. The junction of this great museum of Art with the palace of the Tuileries forms a range of building whose extent is only equalled by the imposing appearance of its architecture; it can scarcely be called grand, unless from its amplitude and lofty elevation, for its chief characteristic is simplicity—except the gateways, which are highly enriched with sculpture and ornament. Such a work as this could only be accomplished in a country where the will of the sovereign determines it. Did we not know that there is in the public edifices of Paris a multitude of Art-treasures for which a suitable place of reception and exhibition has long been wanting, we should be puzzled to know what use would be made of the numerous galleries and chambers which now enclose three sides of the great quadrangle known as the Place Carrouel; as yet they are unfinished and empty.

Mr. St. John's book is, as its name indicates, less a history of the contents of this vast museum of Art and antiquities than a history of the building itself: it must therefore not be taken as a guide-book, though the criticisms upon the various schools of painting, and on individual pictures, which are interspersed here and there throughout the pages, may be read with profit, and should be read, by those who intend visiting the Louvre. A stranger who enters the museum without some previous knowledge of what he ought to look for, will lose much valuable time in searching for the gems he ought to see, and a large number of these the author points out: but he has principally devoted his attention to matters connected with the administration of the museum during the last fifty or sixty years, and the arrangement of its contents under the director M. Jeanron, who is a leading character in this history, and to whom Mr. St. John expresses himself indebted for a large portion of the information here given. Mingled with this history are many amusing anecdotes and personal reminiscences of living personages, *sayants*, artists, and others; while two entire chapters, each of considerable length, relate to picture-cleaning; from these we learn how this matter is managed in France, where there seems to have been the same complaints of "scouring and skinning" that we have heard in England; and no wonder, if, as we read, "nine restorers were constantly employed, at salaries varying from six to fifteen francs *per diem*, under Louis Philippe at the Louvre, repairing and varnishing the pictures of the gallery, or shortening or lengthening the pictures of Versailles and the royal residences in order to fit them into certain places." The restorers of our own Rubenses and Claudes, if bowed down with the heavy censure of Mr. Conyngnam and his fellow-grumblers, may hold up their heads and breathe freely after this. Mr. St. John's history is curious and amusing as well as instructive: there are many subjects discussed in it to which we cannot find space even to refer.

THE FORESTER'S FAMILY. Engraved by T. L. ATKINSON, from the Picture by SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Of the numerous compositions illustrative of Highland scenery which Landseer has painted, this is to us one of the most charming and attractive: there is nothing in it to cast a shadow of sadness over its serenity; no strife of any combatants; no mutilated victims; no death; but, instead, such an entire absence of all that reminds one of the curse pronounced upon man and beast, that Eden could not have exhibited a more harmonious union of the superior and inferior created animals. One thing alone in the composition reminds us of the penalty to be paid by the living; that is, the huge pair of

antlers which the sturdy little bairn carries on his shoulders, and to which attaches a portion of the skin of the stag, thereby showing that the horns were not dropped in the natural process of shedding them. This picture we remember in the exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1849: the "Forester's Family" consists of a young bare-footed female, bearing on her shoulders a sheaf of long ferns or grass, and a boy—her young brother, it may be presumed—a number of young fawns surround the female in a most picturesque group, and others are coming onwards to join them: the party stands on ground that rises up from a lake, which is backed by a range of lofty hills, where, to the right, a long rustic bridge crosses a deep ravine. The principal group, pyramidal in its form, occupies the centre of the picture, and reaches almost to its extreme height, but it is judiciously balanced by the nearer hills, which, being in shadow, have sufficient substance and strength to "carry off" the height of the figures. The subject is most delicately engraved in all its parts: the drapery of the figures, the skins of the animals, the hills, ground, and herbage, are each marked with its distinctive character: but the drawing of the heads of some of the fawns is not, we think, quite as Landseer painted them. Altogether, the print, like the picture, is one of those we should most eagerly covet among the works which the genius of Landseer has produced.

ART-HINTS: ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, AND PAINTING. By J. J. JARVES. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & Co., London.

Though dated from Florence, this volume is, we presume, the work of an American writer—one desirous of impressing the hearts of his countrymen with the dignity and grandeur of Art, and of its importance as a medium through which the national mind may rise to a position of the utmost refinement and intelligence. "We need Art-students," he says; "men of sincerity and labour, who will not hesitate to go on their backs and knees, if needs be, in the dust—to read the soul-language of the mightiest minds in Europe." This is an allusion to a young American artist, whom Mr. Jarves saw one day lying flat on his back on the stone floor in the Sacristy of the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, in Venice, studying the pictures by Titian, which are painted on the ceiling.

We find a key to the author's motives for writing his book in the following remarks, no less true than they are eloquently expressed:

"Europe is a storehouse of Art, but its value and lessons are lost in a great measure upon the nations that gave it birth. Still those silent voices speak. Out of old churches, mouldering tombs, time-honoured galleries, there go forth eternal principles of truth, if rightly studied, able to guide the taste and warm the heart of young America, and urge her on in the race of renown. I do not advocate blind copying of mind or the reception of laws, whether of taste or morality, without fully proving their spirit; but I do advocate, and would press home to the heart of every American who goes abroad, the necessity, if he would do his duty to his own country, of reading and interpreting to his countrymen, so far as in him lies, these sacred writings on the wall. Talent is lent by God. We are to return it with usury. I write not for those light minds who find pleasure only in frivolity, and who travel only for excitement—their case is hopeless. I write for my young friend of the Venetian church. With earnest souls like his lies the artistic hope of America."

There are few subjects connected with Art in relation to its history, to matter, and to mind, which Mr. Jarves does not touch upon; and with so much freshness of thought, enthusiasm tempered with judgment, and sensibility to the beautiful, as to render his remarks no less pleasant to read than they are instructive. He desires that others as well as himself should enjoy Art; and this none can do thoroughly who have not some acquaintance with its history, its principles, and its legitimate end: the mind must be in harmony with what is revealed to it, or otherwise there can be no true enjoyment. His philosophy is not of the dry, argumentative, uninviting kind which repels rather than attracts the student; nor are his convictions the results of the teachings derived from the dogmas and creeds of schools. The Art of Europe seems to have been to him a virgin soil, in which his mind, sympathising in its nature with all that is lovely and ennobling, has grown and expanded amid the genial influences of the old world. After amply discussing the generalities of his subject, the author selects certain artists and certain pictures, both ancient and modern, for comment. His remarks on these individualities evince sound discrimination and good taste. It is when we have such a book as this under our notice that we find most occasion to regret our inability to quote from it. There is

a host of passages we should be gratified in placing before our readers, as well as of truisms. One of the latter we cannot avoid extracting: "Artists may, like Gerard Dow, work five days on a hand and three days on a broom; but a few strokes from a master-mind will give a more living hand and a more serviceable broom than months devoted to mere finish for its own sake. Great work and great thoughts are readily done and easily expressed. If not, they have no claim upon our attention; for it is the attribute of genius, implanted by divinity, to do what it has to do with facility."

RUSTIC FIGURES. Drawn by WALTER GOODALL. Published by GAMBART & Co., London.

Walter Goodall is the youngest son of Mr. Edward Goodall, the distinguished engraver, and brother of F. Goodall, A.R.A.: he was chosen an Associate Member of the Old Water-Colour Society two or three years since, in whose exhibitions his drawings have gained for him much honourable notice. He has thus commenced his career most auspiciously, and as he is still very young, and, moreover, comes of a family in which industry and artistic talent are conspicuous, we are inclined to regard him as one of our most promising water-colour painters in the class of subjects he has selected. These six lithographic prints indicate that class in a degree, but not to the extent to which he sometimes carries it, for his pictures are occasionally of higher pretensions: these rustic groups are the result of sketches made, as it is announced, in some of "the most remote and primitive villages of Old England," and they have such a character: the titles given to them describe the respective subjects:—"The Lace Maker," "The Cottage Door," "The Spelling Lesson," the interior of a cottage, in which a child is reading to her grandmother; "The Hen-Coop," "The Spring Garland," a group of children, the youngest of whom is being decorated with a string of birds' eggs; and "The Water-Lily," children gathering the flowers from a brook. They are exceedingly picturesque studies, sketched with a free but by no means careless pencil, and have a pleasant "sunshiny" feeling in them.

CAMELLIAS. Executed in Chromo-lithography, by VINCENT BROOKS, from a Painting by J. C. ROBINSON, F.S.A.

A group of red and pink Camellias most tastefully arranged and faithfully drawn and coloured. Mr. Brooks has imitated the original oil-picture with the skill he has always shown in copying the works of our artists: the pink flower in the centre of the group is especially good.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE DIVISION OF ART AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE. By RALPH N. WORNUM, Librarian. Printed for the "Department of Science and Art" by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.

Next to the possession of a good library, or to having access to one, is a good catalogue, such as will at once introduce the student to the contents of the book-shelves, and enable him to find what he wants without unnecessary loss of valuable time. But it is not an easy task to arrange and classify the volumes for this purpose only, where the library is extensive and varied: Mr. Wornum has, nevertheless, well performed the task which has devolved upon him as librarian at Marlborough House: his catalogue is classified under thirty heads, one of which, that of manufactures, is again subdivided into the different branches of trades, so that neither artist nor artisan will have any difficulty in procuring any book which the library contains; and its contents, thanks to Mr. Wornum's vigilance and judgment, include most of the known works which will be useful to either: we believe he is constantly adding to them, so far as the funds appropriated to the purpose will allow.

PHRENOLOGY APPLIED TO PAINTING AND SCULPTURE. By GEORGE COMBE. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London: MACLACHLAN & STEWART, Edinburgh.

Without accepting or rejecting the theories of the doctrine which would establish a manifest relation between the brain and the special faculties of the mind, we believe there is enough of truth in phrenology to render it worthy of enquiry, and of the study and application of the principles; if, therefore, this physiological system has any influence at all upon the intellectual faculties, it cannot be separated from the Fine Arts,—either with respect to the picture or piece of sculpture in itself, to the interest with which the spectator may regard the work, or to the value of the judgment he may pronounce upon it. Or, to use Mr. Combe's own language,—“Phrenology may be useful, first, in

helping the observer to distinguish the character of his own mind, and to appreciate its powers and qualities as an instrument of observation and judgment in Art. This knowledge may save him from condemning works on which his powers are not well-fitted to decide,” &c. &c. Secondly, phrenology “may be useful in enabling him to analyse and understand the different kinds of interest which may be felt by the same, or by different individuals, in painting and sculpture.” Mr. Combe's essay—which, by the way, is not altogether new to the public, as a few years ago he supplied the “Phrenological Journal” with several letters on the subject, which are now reproduced with some slight alterations—may be read with advantage, even by those who are sceptical in their belief of the science: his critical remarks upon the works of the old painters and sculptors, as well as on some of the moderns, are liberal and judicious, while reasoning—from his own theories, however—on the errors into which many have fallen in the drawing and expression of the head; it is a book for the artist as well as for the amateur, and though neither may become converts to the creed of the phrenologist, both, we are sure, will peruse it with pleasure.

A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF LONDON TRADESMEN'S TOKENS. By J. H. BURN. Published by the CORPORATION OF LONDON.

This volume, describing the various tokens issued in London by its former citizens and traders, when each man provided for his customers the necessary change which the state-coin of the realm did not well supply, is a *catalogue raisonné* of the large and curious collection formed by the late Mr. Beaufoy, and bequeathed to the City. This book, “Printed for the Use of the Members of the Corporation of the City of London,” has been very liberally presented by them to institutions, libraries, and individuals, whose studies give them a claim to such generosity. A second edition has therefore been rendered necessary in the course of two years; and Mr. Burn has expanded his volume to nearly double its original size. Had this book been merely a dry list of these coins, it would have been of little value; but Mr. Burn, with judicious taste and unwearied research, has appended so many curious extracts from old authors, and notices of old localities, that he has succeeded in making it one of the most amusing to all who love to dip into the bygone history of the metropolis and its denizens.

THE SANCTUARY. A COMPANION IN VERSE FOR THE ENGLISH PRAYER-BOOK. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

The Reverend poet inscribes quaintly, yet with much good taste, this beautiful little volume, to the memory of George Herbert, author of the “Temple,” “as an attempt to illustrate by meditations in verse the spirit of the English Liturgy, regarded as a catholic whole,”—as a companion to the Prayer-book. “The Sanctuary” deserves a place on every table where the Liturgy is recognised; and, when we see that “THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY” has just entered its *twenty-eighth* edition, we may expect as prolonged a popularity for these sacred poems, which can be comprehended in the cottage-homes of England as fully as by those who have already proved how much they admire Mr. Montgomery's poetry.

NUMISMATIC CRUMBS. By R. SAINTHILL, Esq. Printed by NICHOLLS & SON, London.

This little brochure may be looked on as a supplement to the same author's *Olla podrida*; like that, it is for private circulation only, and therefore scarcely amenable to public criticism, did it not contain some few excellent general remarks on our monetary system, which are sufficiently practical for adoption. It is most curious to find how entirely the English nation has become the slaves of routine, even to the very fabrication of the currency. Mr. Sainthill's remarks are characterised by shrewdness, and might be carried out with advantage.

TREATISE ON CLOCK AND WATCH WORK. By F. DENT, Chronometer Maker to the Queen. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Any one who regards the manufacture of time-pieces as a mere mechanical process, will receive a very different impression after reading this treatise, which is a reprint of the article on this subject published in a recent edition of the “Encyclopædia Britannica.” Until we had perused it, we had no conception how much scientific knowledge was essential to perfect these delicate pieces of mechanical art. Mr. Dent's history is most curious, and full of learning upon the subject.